HEAVY METAL
July 1982
$2.00
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
DIRECT HACSA
JNIX_SCANZ

Ah, those Brothers Hildebrandt!

2

The Mutant Warrior by the Brothers Hildebrandt

Available signed and numbered for $9.95 (limited edition of 2,000). Unsigned $5.95. 22" × 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper.

1

Angel of the Gods by Greg Hildebrandt

Available signed and numbered for $5.95 (limited edition of 500). Unsigned $5.95. 22" × 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper.

3

She of the Sword by the Brothers Hildebrandt

Available signed and numbered for $9.95 (limited edition of 2,000). Unsigned $5.95. 22" × 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper.

The Brothers Hildebrandt
Heavy Metal, Dept. 752
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please send me the following:

Signed poster(s) for $9.95 (plus $2.50 postage and handling per poster): #1 ____ #2 ____ #3 ____

Unsigned poster(s) for $5.95 (plus $2.50 postage and handling per poster): #1 ____ #2 ____ #3 ____

I have enclosed $ _____ total due.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada.

BLADE RUNNER

SKETCH BOOK

BLADE RUNNER is set in an eerie future of "retro-fitted" technology. This book compiles the highlights of the tremendous design work that went into creating the urban life of the year 2019. Spotlighted are the costumes, vehicles, street fixtures, weaponry, and much more. The artwork is executed in black and white, including work by Syd Mead, Mentor Huebner, David Snyder, and even a few by director Ridley Scott. The format is quality trade paperback. Page count and size are approximately 96 pages, 11" x 8½". Order now for shipment hot off the press.

$6.95

THE ILLUSTRATED BLADE RUNNER

The complete script to the blockbuster film, containing the dialogue and stage directions *just as they were handed to the stars.* This fascinating presentation is profusely and magnificently illustrated with specially selected storyboards used in the production. These storyboards are the tools used by the crew to visualize this unbelievably believable panorama of the future. Trade paperback, approximately 8½" x 11", 128 pages.

$6.95

BLADE RUNNER

PORTFOLIO

Twelve high-gloss, action photos of Harrison Ford and cast in prime moments from the film. Full-color, sharp images ready for instant display. Produced on high-quality stock, all twelve reproductions capture the action and suspense of BLADE RUNNER. Each plate is approximately 9¼" x 12⅛" and is packaged in a handsome illustrated folder, making it the perfect gift item for any science-fiction/fantasy movie or media event fan. Relive the movie excitement with this unique limited edition. Order Now!

$9.95

HARRISON FORD IS...

BLADE RUNNER

THE MOTION PICTURE

Scheduled to be released on June 25, 1982 to 1,200 theaters coast to coast, this $20 million production directed by Ridley "Alien" Scott, with effects by Doug "2001" Trumbull, is sure to be the movie event of the year. Pacific Comics proudly introduces three new Blue Dolphin Enterprises publications presenting a fascinating insight into the research and development that created . . . BLADE RUNNER. Publication dates are scheduled to tie in with the film's release.

Heavy Metal Dept. 1
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

YES! Please rush me the following BLADE RUNNER items immediately upon publication:

- ☐ BLADE RUNNER SKETCH BOOK $6.95
- ☐ THE ILLUSTRATED BLADE RUNNER $6.95
- ☐ THE BLADE RUNNER PORTFOLIO $9.95
- ☐ Only Your FREE Fantasy Catalogue

Enclosed find my check or money order (Do not send cash) for $ _____ plus $1.75 for U.S.A. postage and handling. Canada add $3.00. Europe, Africa, Australia, and Asia add $4.00. U.S. funds only. California residents add 6% sales tax.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

BLUE DOLPHIN ENTERPRISES, INC.

TM & © 1982 The Blade Runner Partnership

JULY 1982

VOL. VI, NO. 4

HEAVY METAL

CONTENTS

Dossier, edited by **Daphne Davis** and **Lou Stathis**, 5

Den II, by **Richard Corben**, 12

Chain Mail, 17

Coming, 17

The Incal Light, by **Alexandro Jodorowsky**. Illustrated by **Moebius**, 18

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones**, 23

Nova 2, by **Luis Garcia**, 24

Life at the Circus, by **Marcele** and **Lacome**, 33

Gallery: An excerpt of Richard Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*, with text by **Pete Hamill**, 50

Shakespeare for Americans: *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by **Peter Koper**, 64

At the Middle of Cynthia, by **C. Renard**. Illustrated by **Francois Schuiten**, 65

Zora, by **Fernando Fernandez**, 74

The Third Sexual Revolution, Part 2: The Macho Woman and the Priestess, by **David Black**, 78

Ancient Innocence, by **George Pratt**, 80

The Voyage of Those Forgotten, by **Christin**. Illustrated by **Bilal**, 81

Yragael, by **Druillet**, 86

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.**, 92

The Bas, by **Paul Kirchner**, 96

Front cover: Cadmium Anniversary, by **Thomas Warkentin**

Back cover: In Flight, by **Chris Achilleos**

"The Incal Light," by Jodorowsky and Moebius, and "At the Middle of Cynthia," by Renard and Schuiten, are both © 1981 *Metal Hurlant*, France. All rights reserved.

"Yragael," by Druillet, "The Voyage of Those Forgotten," by Christin and Bilal and "Life at the Circus," by Marcele and Lacome are all © 1981, Dargaud Editeur, Paris. All rights reserved.

"Den II," © 1981, by Richard Corben.

"Zora," by Fernando Fernandez, © 1981 Selecciones Historicas, Barcelona, Spain.

All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.

Illustration by Martin Sorrondeguy

Editor **Julie Simmons-Lynch**

Art Director **John Workman**

American Editors **Daphne Davis**, **Lou Stathis**

Copy Editor **Mark Keyser**

Contributing Editor **Rhyan Metcalf**

Editorial Assistant **Annette Collica**

Associate Art Director **Bill Horteman**

Art Assistant **James Ohs**

Foreign Rights Manager **Christine Miner**

Special Projects **Brad Balfour**, **Michael Green**

Production Director **Camille Russo**

Production Assistant **Ray Gallagher**

Circulation Director **George Agoglia, Sr.**

Marketing Director **James T. Brown**

Editorial Director and Publisher **Leonard Mogel**

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 370-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications Inc. © 1981 HM Communications Inc. 635 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semblance of events coincidental.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions; otherwise return of artwork is not guaranteed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications Inc. 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. $19.00 paid annual subscription, $32.00 paid two-year subscription, and $39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $3.00 for Canada and $5.00 elsewhere. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 changes to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: **James T. Brown**, Marketing Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, (212) 838-4870. Midwest: **Banks-Quentzel, Inc.**, Pine Plaza, 420 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 670-0800. West Coast: **Newspaper Sales Media**, 6464 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90028, (213) 463-6811. Southern Office: **Brown & Co.**, 3110 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA 30062, (404) 998-2985.

HM COMMUNICATIONS is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.
Chairman **Matty Simmons**
President **Julian L. Weber**
Chairman of the Executive Committee **Leonard Mogel**
Sr. Vice President **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard Adams**
Vice-President, Finance **Peter Philippe**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurgsky**

HARRISON FORD IS THE

BLADE RUNNER

JERRY PERENCHIO AND BUD YORKIN PRESENT
A MICHAEL DEELEY–RIDLEY SCOTT PRODUCTION
STARRING HARRISON FORD
IN "BLADE RUNNER" WITH RUTGER HAUER SEAN YOUNG
EDWARD JAMES OLMOS SCREENPLAY BY HAMPTON FANCHER AND DAVID PEOPLES
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BRIAN KELLY AND HAMPTON FANCHER VISUAL EFFECTS BY DOUGLAS TRUMBULL
ORIGINAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY VANGELIS PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DEELEY DIRECTED BY RIDLEY SCOTT
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON POLYDOR RECORDS
PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR®
A LADD COMPANY RELEASE IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE RUN RUN SHAW
R RESTRICTED

OPENS JUNE 25th AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU!

DOSSIER

NU VINYL

ELECTRO-POPISM

Soft Cell: Dave Ball, left, and Marc Almond. Oldi

If the capitalist consumer culture has taught us anything, it's how to dress up old merchandise in snazzy new clothes and peddle it to a commodity-saturated public. While my cynicism about the pop biz doesn't approach Frank Zappa's—who say all "new waves" are fashion initiatives serving clothing and accessory manufacturers—enough storm-trooped change has marched past these weary eyes to nudge an already hair-trigger skepticism reflex over the edge. Surveying the descendant synthesizer pop sub-genre (and its attendant clothes consciousness) does tempt one into just such a snap judgment—a wrong one, if you delve any distance below the surface. Yeah, some of it might be the same old shit in new picture sleeves, but not all of these prettyboys (and a couple of girls) are content to mimic past forms and ideas.

Unfortunately, timey tuneteens **Depeche Mode** (name copped from a Frog rag mag) seem blissfully happy to cohabit with ho-hum pop conventions on their *Speak & Spell* (Sire) debut LP. When collected together, their handful of zippy singles ("Dreaming of Me," "New Life," and their best, "Just Can't Get Enough"— love those Beach Boys harmonies!) reveals their Kraftwerk/ Moroder Eurodisco heritage in unflattering nakedness, transforming dance-floor freshness into home-stereo tedium. A recitative live gig at the Ritz here in NYC only confirmed my doubts. Stick to the singles.

Fellow Brits/first timers/ Sire-ees **Soft Cell** also flunk, but for different reasons. *Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret* features superior synth work by Dave Ball (all flashing neon, icy chrome, and stiff leather) and excessively obnoxious posing by vocalist Marc Almond—whose mannered voice can't carry a tune for shit. If Almond can leave behind his adolescent, sleazy-sex obsessions (or at least illuminate their inherent humor or tragedy), Soft Cell could grow beyond their low rent up-market Suicide status (a disco Benny Hill, maybe?).

Meanwhile, over in the Yank rookie leagues, **Our Daughters Wedding** and **Los Microwaves** electronically pepper the infield with solid one-base hits. With their synth trio craftily augmented by a session drummer (for added punch), ODW's mini-LP *Digital Cowboy* (EMI America) delivers what their two self-produced singles promised (check *NW* 12/80 for pre-history). They remain one of the best live synth-pop acts I've seen, and with their decidedly emulsion pop sensibility, could easily crack the notoriously conservative U.S. record market. The Microwave's *Life After Breakfast* (Poshboy) is less consistent, but always listenable and refreshingly, winningly naive.

As relative veterans, **The Human League** (who in a slightly different configuration helped pioneer the form with 1978's "Being Boiled") display unsurprising assurance with platinum pop hook architecture. Though ultimately hollow (and what of it?), the tunes on *Dare* (A&M—their first USA release, third overall) are flawless constructions of costume jewelry that almost physically attach themselves to your turntable. Very addictive.

The problem with this stuff becomes clear after prolonged exposure—it's fun okay, but ultimately unsatisfying. If you want not just clean laundry but a whole new set of clothes, try the following on for size.

Jad Gadget, *Incontinent* (Mute UK import): Has its moments, but somehow the rage-sublimated-into-irony lacks the conviction of Fad's first, *Fireside Favourites* (also a Mute import).

Japan, (Virgin/Epic): If you can get past the painted faces (took me a couple of years), this compilation of Jap's last two UK releases surprises and shocks—gutsy percussive synth, serpentine fretless bass, oriental scales, and a singer with terminal Bryan Ferry-itis. Answers the eternal question, "What if Roxy Music had become Eno's band instead of Ferry's?"

Simple Minds, *Themes For Great Cities* (Stiff): A fascinating, brooding excursion into the heart of Eurodisco's darkness. *Themes* was assembled from this exceptional Scottish band's last four UK LPs (buy 'em!).

Telex, *Bostich* (Stiff EP), *Diana Que Si* and *Solid Pleasure* (both Ralph LPs). This Swiss trio's pop mini-epics are like Disney Silly Symphonies—witty, cinematic, omnivorously eclectic. Lou's pick to click.

Wall of Voodoo, *Dark Continent* (IRS LP), and eponymous EP on Index: As vocalist Stan Ridgway proclaims, "This modern world deserves a modern attitude." Indeed. Tense, intriguing and percussive, pop melodies slashed and punctured by raplerlike guitar vocals dripping with sarcasm and self parody . . . Voodoo's pop is both abrasive and reassuring.

This is one season's wardrobe you really do need to buy.

—Lou Stathis

Addresses:
Index Records: Box 944, Los Angeles, CA 90028
Poshboy: Box 38861, Los Angeles, CA 90038
Ralph: 444 Grove Street, San Francisco, CA 94102
Stiff: 5 Crosby Street, New York, NY 10013

Solicitations!

We the people of Heavy Metal, in order to form a more perfect Dossier section, are earnestly soliciting your comments!

Jot down your thoughts and send them to: DOSSIER, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Come on! Be honest! We can take it!

SUMMER POP-CORN

A crazed biker freak in *Road Warrior*

Road Warrior

Winner of the grand prize at the Avoriaz Fantastic Film Festival, *Road Warrior* dazzles and overwhelms with its consistently violent and nihilistic vision and story about a post-holocaust voyage of the damned down an empty gasoline alley. Mel Gibson, former pursuit cop whose wife and child were slaughtered by a bike gang, is a self-styled samurai in leather and steel who wanders through a lost, future frontier where fuel is at a minimum and crazed outlaws battle for it. Down a two-lane blacktop in a battered, supercharged vehicle, our born-to-be-a-maverick hero clashes with and decimates a marauding biker on a big-mother hog over a supply of fuel. Along the way to nowhere, Gibson falls upon an encampment where thousands of gallons of gasoline are stored. The fort is under attack by a pack of speed-freak bikers who sport day-glo mohawks like the shock-rocker Plasmatics. Inevitably, Gibson infiltrates the camp and is forced into the role of savior. You can figure out the rest of this Grade Z of road battle to end all road battles, in which despair hangs heavier than nerve gas. You'll love it!

Annie

Leapin' Lizards, the flag-waving, fit-for-the-whole-family extravaganza about the most beloved comic strip orphan of the century turns out to be a bigger drag-ass bore than the cardboard Broadway hit. Just in time for the next depression, the snazzy art deco musical features skin-head Albert Finney as Daddy Warbucks, a sickening child star, Aileen Quinn as Annie, and an after-hound as Sandy. Annie's faithful, farting dog. Veteran director John Huston proves to Warbucks and everyone else that real love and happiness, money and power are everything; while Little Orphan Annie concentrates on getting unrequited lovers together. "Let's Go to the Movies," the Radio City Music Hall show-stopper, ignites the *King and I*-style romance between Daddy and his beauty-in-hiding secretary Grace (the detectable Ann Reinking). Quinn, who plays Annie as a spunky old maid, gets kidnapped by a mean couple (Bernadette Peters and *Rocky Horror* transvestite Tim Curry), but is saved by her billionaire sugar daddy, who's gotten used to having her around the mansion. Considering the state of the economy, the nauseating, overly upbeat, Fourth of July sing-along to "Tomorrow" makes you gag. The comic strip was a thousand times better than this Sound of Muzak complete with a miniature Julie Andrews.

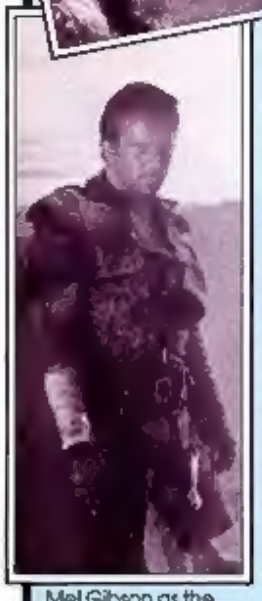
Stephen King in *Creepshow*

Creepshow

Filmed in the campy believe-it-or-not style of 1950s horror comics, *Creepshow* will be memorable if for nothing else than the long-toon acting debut of Stephen King, poet laureate of all-day sucker-horror novels. A poor but greedy farmer, King tries to make a profit from a no longer unidentified flying object that lands on his farm. Zombie-master George A. Romero directs *Creepshow*'s tales-with-a-moral according to the rules of fantasy violence: entertain by toying with the unknown, explore the psyche and the psychic, bring on lots of the living dead, and warn ordinary mortals to be on the look-out for specters, devil paws, voodoo dolls, and children who read horror comics. The best creepy-crawly devices in *Creepshow* result from the comic book graphics—lightning bolts behind the heads of screaming victims and the last frame of each story dissolving into a perfect comic book illustration.

Valeria, Conan the Barbarian's true love

Annie (Aileen Quinn) and Sandy



Mel Gibson as the Road Warrior

Cat People

Not funny or sinister, Paul Schrader's sluggish remake-update of the 1942 *Cat People* promises less than it delivers. Generally conducive to the suspension of disbelief in an abrasive thriller, the film's tepid bestiality and incest are about as scary as dishwater slipping down the drain. With or without clothes, kinky Malcolm McDowell and ostrich Nastassia Kinski sleep-walk through the routine of a doomed brother and sister descended from a family tree of cats. When they turn into panthers, they lack the shock value and special effects of William Hurt foaming into an *Altered States* nasty beastie. McDowell gets killed off and Kinski falls for a zoo keeper who loves the female and feline in her. He allows her to live out her cat life as a specimen in the New Orleans Zoo. So much for an imitating the supernatural.

The Secret of NIMH

Classical Disney animation lives in *The Secret of NIMH*. Rich in lush, detailed coloration and photographed by multiplane cameras, this deprivation exodus tells the weird plight of an advanced breed of rats who escape from the National Institute of Mental Health and form a sophisticated society (shades of *Watership Down* and Hobbitmania). During their laboratory captivity, the rodents received injections which increased their intelligence and enabled them to distinguish between right and wrong. Add to this set-up a Dickensian plot of good versus evil and a dumb field-mouse widow with a critically ill mousey-pooh (Tiny Tim?), and you've got the perfect socially conscious Disney donut for the Reagan Era.

NIMH's director, Don Bluth, a Disney veteran, has pledged allegiance to restoring the glory of pure animation. This pantheistic allegory never lives up to Bluth's dynamite two-minute fantasy for "Don't Walk Away," performed by Electric Light Orchestra in *Xanadu*. I'm as big a sucker as the next animation freak for Fantasia-colored skies and lovable animals with human characteristics. What doesn't do it for me is the Sunday School rap laid down by the rats from *NIMH*.

Arnold Schwarzenegger as Conan the Barbarian

Conan the Barbarian

Avenging the death of his mother, Conan, Mr. four-time Universe Arnold Schwarzenegger, systematically wipes out a medieval snake cult and its leader—James Earl Jones in Druid drag doing a great Rev. Jim "Kool-Aid" Jones. The el cheapo production values and grainy photography of endless decapitations on the plains of Spain don't detract from the magical levitation scene in which Conan is healed by the Wizard. Tits-and-ass and pecs-and-biceps fans will no doubt get off on the 99-percent nude sex scenes between Conan and Valeria, his true woman-warrior love. Few words are exchanged between them, but there's lots of body talk and action in freeze frames swiped from the pages of *HM*. For those who can't get enough of the Mount Olympus of muscles, Arnold Schwarzenegger returns in the sequel—Conan the King.

—Daphne Davis

Horror Meister

When Roger Corman first emerged as the king of low-budget horror flicks, there were few revisionist film critics to put him in proper perspective. Thanks to the genre's new respectability and financial success, Corman is being reconsidered as a near-genius for his ability to make gripping, intelligent movies without bankrupting a company. As Ed Naha points out in his terse and informative ***The Films of Roger Corman*** (Arco), the producer/director's other virtue was to invent on-the-spot cinematic techniques, which influenced a raft of soon-to-be major filmmakers and stars—Francis Ford Coppola, Jack Nicholson, Peter Fonda, Joe Dante. Through Corman, this group learned the salice-and-cut process of whole movie-making from bits of footage. Corman gets credit for using New World, his distribution and production house, to affirm his auteurist connections by distributing some of the best foreign films (Volker Schlondorff's *Tin Drum* and Kurosawa's *Dersu Uzula* among others), making him a movie maverick to be reckoned with.

—Brad Balfour

CRYPTICA

ROBOT OVERKILL

■ The robot was clearly malfunctioning at Kawasaki Heavy Industries' auto-parts processing plant near Kobe, Japan, when Kenji Urada, a thirty-seven-year-old employee, went over to repair it. Promptly, the machine turned on him and crushed him to death. If robots can kill during a malfunction, can they be programmed to do so deliberately? Imagine future robot armies . . . which malfunction and attack the wrong side.

LOVE CHIPS

■ Think sex is too mechanical now? Wait until the computer age really sets in. An unnatural progression from computer dating is a new device called the "Love Bug." It consists of two microchips packed into a small transmitter hung around the neck like a pendant. One chip carries data about yourself, the other about your ideal mate. When someone wearing the Bug whose data tallies with yours comes into range, your Bug and theirs start to beep. But, if you don't like what you see, there's a built-in, emergency shut-off button.

—Merle Kaylan

FUTURE FASHION:

POSITION, DISTANCE AND DEAD RECKONING

Joey and Janus, the multi-talented performers from Strange Party and The Klaus Nomi Show debut their picks for coming trends! North, South, East, and West, the compass points for

Photography by Dean Chamberlain

▲ North: The Magnetic Pole. An area of space whereupon magnetic objects manifest ad infinitum.

▲ West: The new frontier. The direction of the sunset is governed by none.

◀ East: The conic projections are mysteriously enchanting, don't you think?

▶ South: The horizontal danger zone. The intensity of the sun will radiate from the inhabitants' apparel.

Layout by **Philip Monaghan**

Entertainment Through Pain

Avoiding rock strictures and pan niceties, three English groups—**Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire** and **This Heat**—use the raw material of sound to make some of the most visceral and intelligent music around. They may utilize tapes, synthesizers, treated guitars, etc., but they are definitely not removed or "modern." You might call them expressionist, but that would be too personal. Instead, they pull back the scab covering our communal repressions and submissions.

A sampler culled from their previous releases, *Throbbing Gristle's Greatest Hits*, includes such memorable ditties as "Hamburger Lady," "Subhuman," "Six Six Sixties," and "Tiab Guis" ("Slug Bait"). This is the music you'd hear as you prowl the sewers looking for food, or fuck in the sludge as the radiation settles above-ground. Thoroughly uncompromising, TG's invocations of psychic disarray never fail to expose a buried nerve. Their decision to deal with the "darker" side of things is not necessarily negative—you get the feeling it's realistic. (See also their live cassette, *Beyond Jazz Funk*.)

Relentlessly seductive rhythms and repetitive chant vocals, washed with guitar and synth textures, lay out a thick heathen pulse on Cabaret Voltaire's LP *Red Mecca*, and double single ("Just the Glass," "Burnt to the Ground," "Eddies Out," and "Walls of Jericho"). What they lose in immediate impact and clarity (particularly in the rarely understandable vocals), they more than make up for in subtlety of sound and shifting of textures. Neither any field music nor minimalism, CV's primal voodoo chants insinuate themselves into your consciousness.

One of the most formally inventive (and disruptive) groups, This Heat demonstrate on their second album, *Deceit*, a natural ease with loops, pre-recorded rhythms, and textures. In addition to live playing with precise irrationality they jolt from one passage to another, juxtaposing often lushly melodic vocals with white noise and cacophony. While their lyrics allude elliptically to mass passivity in the face of real disaster, they're never pedantic, only rooted in the immediacy of personal experience. Alternately ugly and sensuous, hypnotic and fractured, the music demands an active participation.

—Michael Gira

(All recordings available through Rough Trade, 1062 Murray Street, Berkeley, CA 94710.)

Charles Henri Ford

More and more sf writers rely on magic for inspiration. Some would do better to replace flashing wands and abracadabra spells with real knowledge of cosmic energy and Tantric power. **Kundalini**, by Ajit Mookerjee (Destiny Books), subtitled *The Arousal of the Inner Energy*, is a profusely illustrated handbook of astral travel showing the actual diagrams of the body's circuitry and how to unlock the energy knots (chakras) in order to effect transformation. Every breath, about 21,600 a day, is a potential key to space travel, and Mookerjee gives scientific instruction as well as sound and color charts, complete with sexual secrets and electronic crystal balls.

Lisa Goldstein's **The Red Magician** (Timescape Books) attempts to meld the mystical with science fiction. In a simplistic tale of good and evil magicians, set against the landscape of the Holocaust, she turns the Wandering Jew into a hippy magician with a knapsack full of amulets and talismans; then pits him against an evil rabbi, who escapes the Nazis by turning himself into a wolf. The best scene involves the attempted creation of a golem based on the Cabalistic legend. (For the real thing, read *The Golem* by occult master Gustav Meyrink.) The Red Magician saves a Jewish Cinderella from the death camps and gets her a ticket to America. Nice Jewish girl would like to meet tall, dark golem with own dental practice.

Readers who can handle distillations of a more potent sort will welcome a collection of sf mythomagical poetry by surrealist Charles Henri Ford. His latest work, **Om Krishna II** (Cherry Valley Editions), begins where the others left off. A definite microwave boost to the brain, this multi-tiered performance sums up some of the esoteric psychosexual aspects of a polymorphous world. If you can stand to see what lies in store for us, drop into Ford's mental massage parlor where every poem's a print-out from the cosmic computer. A must for those who relish magic in the making and can't find it elsewhere.

—Ira Cohen

SF Hit Parade

A classic short story works like a hit single. Meant to be absorbed in one gulp, its impact is dependent on attention-grabbing hooks (O. Henry surprise) or evocative texture (Ray Bradbury's autumnesque nostalgia). Such assemblages are often valuable in illuminating a writer's progression, telescoping quirky careers to add overview and autobiography.

In **A Life in the Day of...** (Bantam), by **Frank M. Robinson**, coauthor of *The Glass Inferno*, recounts his literary history from a pre-adolescent purchase of his first copy of *Astounding* to the thrill of his first sale to that magazine ("The Maze"); how writers develop plot ideas and deal with editors ("The Santa Claus Planet"); his growing grasp of style, characterization, and nuance ("The Wreck of the Ship John B."); and his experiences in Haight-Ashbury during the ill-extended "Summer of Love" ("A Life in the Day of ___"). Robinson's own story has an upbeat ending, when the likable professional sells his blockbuster novel to Hollywood for a large sum, sees it become *The Towering Inferno*, and lives happily ever after.

Isaac Asimov and **Martin H. Greenberg** have come up with a new twist in Best of the Year compilations. Going back in time, they have assembled **The Great SF Stories** (DAW), an ongoing series that takes place during sf's acknowledged golden era. The sixth and latest volume returns us to 1944, a year blackened with the charred debris of World War II. Despite harsh times, the talent in this collection glitters: A. E. Van Vogt's "Far Centaurus," Lewis Padgett's "When the Bough Breaks," Theodore Sturgeon's relentless "Killdozer!," and a trio from Clifford Simak—"City," "Huddling Place," and "Desertion" (incorporated into Simak's book-length *City*).

—Lenny Kaye

Photograph by Ira Cohen

VIDEO OF THE ABSURD

EYE MUSIC

Music-video or Video-music—where's the conceptual focus? Picture? Sound? Pick an option: a) Concept—match picture to sound; b) Soundtrack—wed sound to picture; c) Live—simultaneous picture and sound (performance); d) None of the above. Five music-videos offer directions but leave the viewer to grapple with the conclusions.

The Tubes, whose original 70s incarnation successfully integrated a conceptual video dimension into rock concertizing, have created a state of the avant-garde music-video that demands repeated viewing. Based on material from their latest Capitol album, *The Completion Principle Backwards* ("Use your imagination as reality to see the things you want from the end backwards"), **The Tubes Video** (Thorn-EMI disc and cassette, 1981) synthesizes the band's abstract, funny, and profound approach to video. Surrealistic video director Russell Mulcahy injects his riveting sense of visual fantasy into the Tubes' nihilistic fascination with TV news, multi-national corporations, and ritual violence. Kenny Ortega, who stages the live shows, choreographs the flow from simulated concert footage to affecting narrative sketches and provocative landscapes. A rampaging R-rated rock-vid experience.

Spyro Gyra, clinical jazz/rock fusionnaires, fail to capitalize on their only music-video shot at visualizing the non-semantic, "mood orientation" of their music, rather than their live, squeezy-eyed, mock-soul performances. **Live at the Park West** (Warner Communications cassette, 1981) gets smart only once—in the seven-minute "Lazer Material" where computerized special effects color, animate, and transport the band from the stage to a memorable, swirling-vortex dimension-painting. Beware the pseudo-documentary segments, including the one explaining the Spyro Gyra philosophy—they're strictly E-for-Edit rated.

"None of the above" is always an inviting but tricky category. Ron Hays's **Odyssey** (20th Century Video cassette, 1979) and Astralvision's **Electric Light Voyage** (Media Home Entertainment cassette, 1981) reveal the inconsistency inherent in this choice. Attempting to reflect the abstract nature of instrumental, synthesized music, Hays, a leading "visual music" creator, produces the more cohesive and polished music-video, while Astralvision's effort contains the more striking individual experiences. Often like being imprisoned in a cosmic Etch-A-Sketch, one can consider the uneven *Electric Light Voyage* a progression in audio-visual psychedelia. Promising to "test your inertia," *Odyssey* delivers only a video Rorschach test. Given the proper poetic and narrative references, these inventive fantasy visuals could do for music-video what *Star Wars* did for movies.

Music-videos are a sure-fire safeguard against matter chaos. Digest some soon.

—Alan Hecht

SOME VIDEO GAMES ARE MERELY TESTS OF EYE/HAND COORDINATION. DONKEY KONG IS A LOVE STORY THAT MIXES THE CLASSIC BEAUTY AND THE BEAST TALE WITH A CYNICAL LOOK AT TECHNOLOGY VERSUS MANKIND MAN.

DONKEY KONG TAKES ELEMENTS FROM TWO CLASSICS—DON QUIXOTE AND KING KONG—TO ADD TO THE USUAL VIDEO GAME CHALLENGE THE COMPLEX GRAPHICS, MUSIC, AND SPECIAL EFFECTS ALONE ARE WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

THE PLOT IS YOUR BASIC LOVE TRIANGLE - BOY MEETS GIRL, GORILLA STEALS GIRL. BOY MEETS GIRL, BOY AND GIRL FALL IN LOVE, GORILLA STEALS GIRL AGAIN, BOY THROWS GORILLA OFF A TALL BUILDING, BOY AND GIRL REUNITE. THE STORY IS TOLD IN FOUR PARTS. IN THE FIRST ONE, MARIO RUNS BARRELS DOWN A MAZE OF STAIRS AND LADDERS WHILE DON QUIXOTE ATTEMPTS TO SAVE THE GIRL. IN THE SECOND PART, A TRIUMPHANT MARIO STANDS ON TOP OF A SKYSCRAPER, BEATING HIS CHEST. WHEN HE THUMPS THE HERO TURNS THE TABLES ON THE VILLAIN AND REUNITES WITH HIS LADY LOVE. FURTHER OBSTACLES CONFRONT THE PROTAGONIST LATER IN THE FORM OF A MAZE OF ELEVATORS AND FINAL MISTRESS SPRINGS STILL LATER, MARIO DEVISES A CURE. BUILT COMPLETE WITH BURNING FIRES, CONVEYOR BELTS, AND DEADLY MUD PIES, IT DISTURBS ME THAT THE CREATOR OF THE GAME MADE KONG THE MISUNDERSTOOD OF THIS WASTELAND. KONG WAS ONCE THE VICTIM OF MANS RELENTLESS TECHNOLOGY. HOWEVER, DONKEY KONG SEEMS TO SUGGEST THAT THE MONSTERS ARE RUNNING THE ASYLUM.

THE DON QUIXOTE CHARACTER IS UNIQUE IN THIS VERSION SINCE THE GAME PLAYER PERFORMS THAT FEAT SO ANY VERISIM OR SKILL THAT DON Q SHOWS IS REALLY A REFLECTION OF YOUR GAME ABILITIES. THAT MAKES GAMES INVOLVE THE PLAYER MORE DIRECTLY AND INTIMATELY THAN FILM, BOOKS, OR TV. HAS NOT YET BEEN APPRECIATED BY ANY MAJOR MEDIA CRITIC.

INTERESTINGLY, THE DON QUIXOTE CHARACTER IS CONFRONTED BY IMPOSSIBLE GOOD, UNLIKE ASTEROIDS OR CENTIPEDE, YOU ARE AWARDED AN EXTRA MAN ONLY ONCE. SAD, AS FIGHT IS GALLANT BUT MEANINGLESS.

HERE THE GAME ECHOES MODERN EXISTENTIAL DESPAIR. NO MATTER HOW WELL YOU DO, THE MACHINE KEEPS THE GIRL, AND YOU DIE.

I GUESS THAT'S WHY I DON'T DO VERY WELL ON DONKEY KONG AFTER A CERTAIN POINT.

DISC-O-KODACHROME

Since the Polaroid and instamatic, amateur photographers have suffered through the last few decades without any major innovations except smaller cameras. New horizons loom for budding paparazzi with **Kodak's** 4000, 6000, and 8000 Disc System. The cameras are very small (1" × 3" × 5"); standard 35 mm film is replaced by film a quarter the size. Instead of rolls as hard to load as child-proof bottles of aspirin are to open, the negatives come on a snap-in palm-size disc that costs $3.19 for fifteen exposures. Disc cameras range in price from $70 to $150. Equipped with a digital alarm clock, the deluxe 8000 includes a built-in flash, good for at least 2,000 exposures, that's totally automatic—you don't have to decide whether you need it or not. Automatically focusing subjects from eighteen inches to infinity, the camera is about as complicated as a TV dinner. And, there's great news for the gang at the lab: dunked in a vat and spun-dry at 2,000 rpm, your film is ready for enlargement in six and a half minutes. If, for some circumstance beyond Kodak's control, you have a less-than-perfect shot, the developer will analyze an enlarged version of your problem picture on a video monitor and encode the necessary corrections onto the negative. Rumors abound that Kodak's discs will soon drop into a Betamax-like apparatus allowing you to see your pictures on TV.

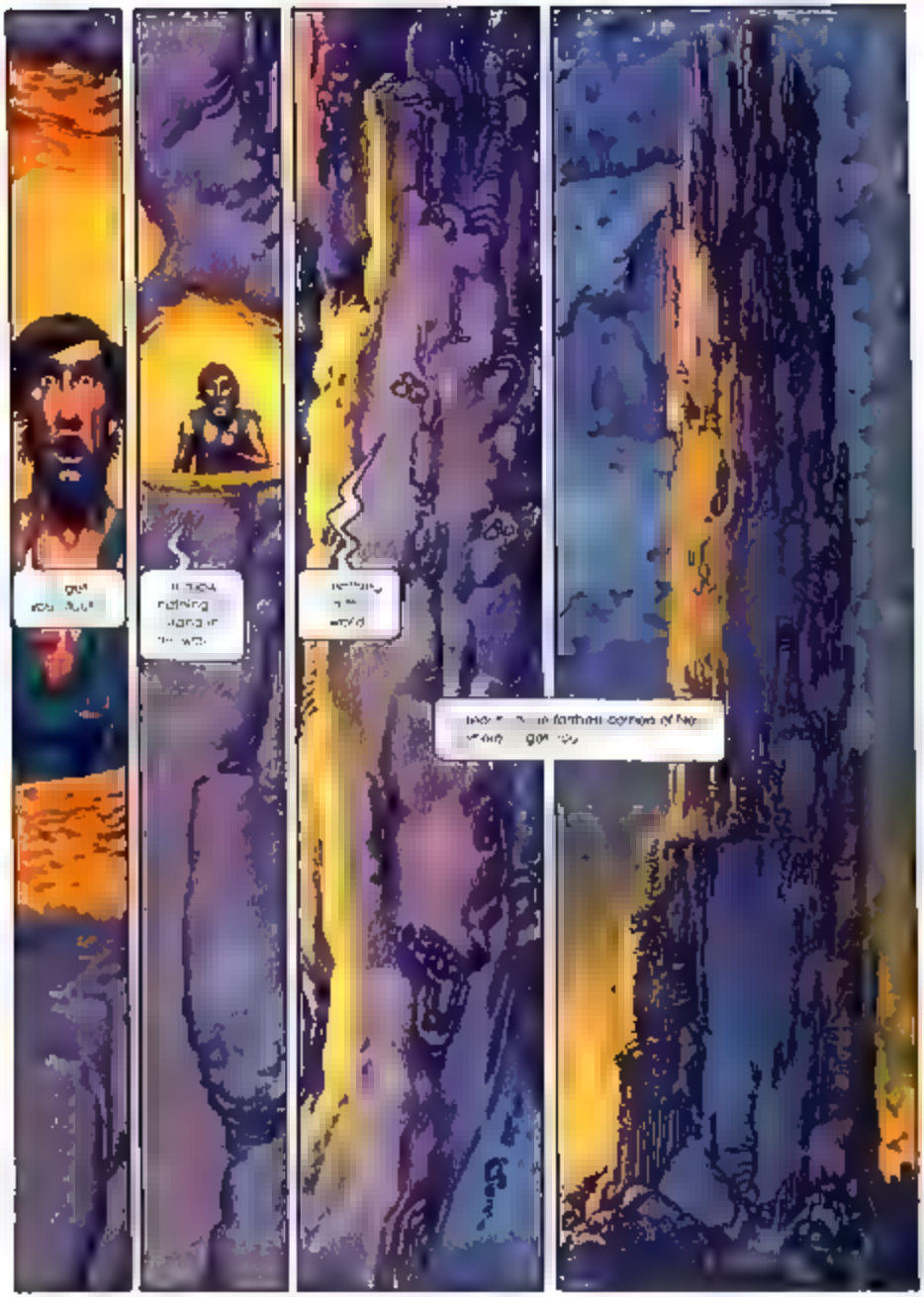
For even better photo funnies, be on the look-out for **Nimslo** from Timex. Those inventive folks who gave us the horror-resistant watch offer the $200 Nimslo with four side-by-side lenses that shoot the same subject. The images are then composed without migraine-inducing 3-D glasses. Even if 3-D Nimslo lasts as long as the mood ring or pet rock, yours will be a collector's item.

—Steven Maloff

DEAD II
When we last saw Tam, he was rescued and making love by the creature Xenoth, who had taken the form of Tam's love, Mikita. After their lovemaking, the creature died leaving poor Tam sitting around wondering what was going to happen to him.

What's the matter? can't do it feel paralyzed the moment the point touches. Some demon spell is saving me for yet further degradation and pain!
DEAD DEAD but you BASTARD!

Mikita is dead! And it was my own monsters dead to. Mikita. She's back there on Mayatoon

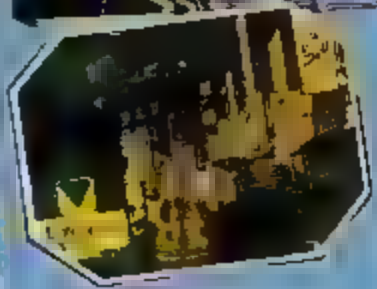


FEEYAAAUGH!
GAAUUGH!
OOOOOOUUUMPH!

AAAAGH!
GAAAAAAUK!

BLADE RUNNER

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR MAGAZINE



Here is the Collector's Edition you will treasure always authentic complete, the studio-authorized inside look at the sensational film everyone's talking about!

Many exclusive color photos give you the whole, exciting BLADE RUNNER picture story so you can re-live your favorite moments from the film.

This big publication also takes you behind the scenes · reveals everything you want to know about how BLADE RUNNER was made—from special effects secrets to model miniatures, vehicles, costumes, production paintings, blueprints, storyboards and much more.

Plus

you'll enjoy the highlights of

14 Exclusive Interviews

Listen in on fascinating conversations with Harrison Ford, Director Ridley Scott, Special Effects Director Doug Trumbull, Production Artist Syd Mead, Author Philip K. Dick, Plus many other cast and crew members.

It's all here in this big, beautiful document of the film epic · the only official, BLADE RUNNER publication of its kind!

- Over 140 Photos & Illustrations Many in Full Color
- 68 Big Pages
- Color Centerfold
- Quality Paper

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Heavy Metal, Dept. H7, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

Yes! Send me my official BLADE RUNNER Souvenir Magazine at $2.95 plus only $.75 each postage & handling!

(Please Print Clearly)

Name

Address

City State Zip

Send check or money order (no cash, please) to:
Heavy Metal, Dept. H7, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

Canada and $3.50 U.S. funds only.
Allow 4 weeks delivery.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you don't want to mail this coupon, send order on a separate piece of paper.

CHAIN MAIL

[illegible]

Rod Kierkegaard has created within the confines of your explicitly unrealist fantasy magazine the best comic-intellectual thought pa[illegible] of the 20th century. In a world of [illegible] that sure respect without [illegible]

[illegible]
Hoopeston, IL

Dear Heavy Metal Rabbi

Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. is a fucking genius.

In respect and awe,
Walt [illegible]
Athens, GA

Dear [illegible]

By the way "Killer" Kierkegaard, Jr. I like the tired old "Rock Opera" beat. I don't think Eddie [illegible] makes it.

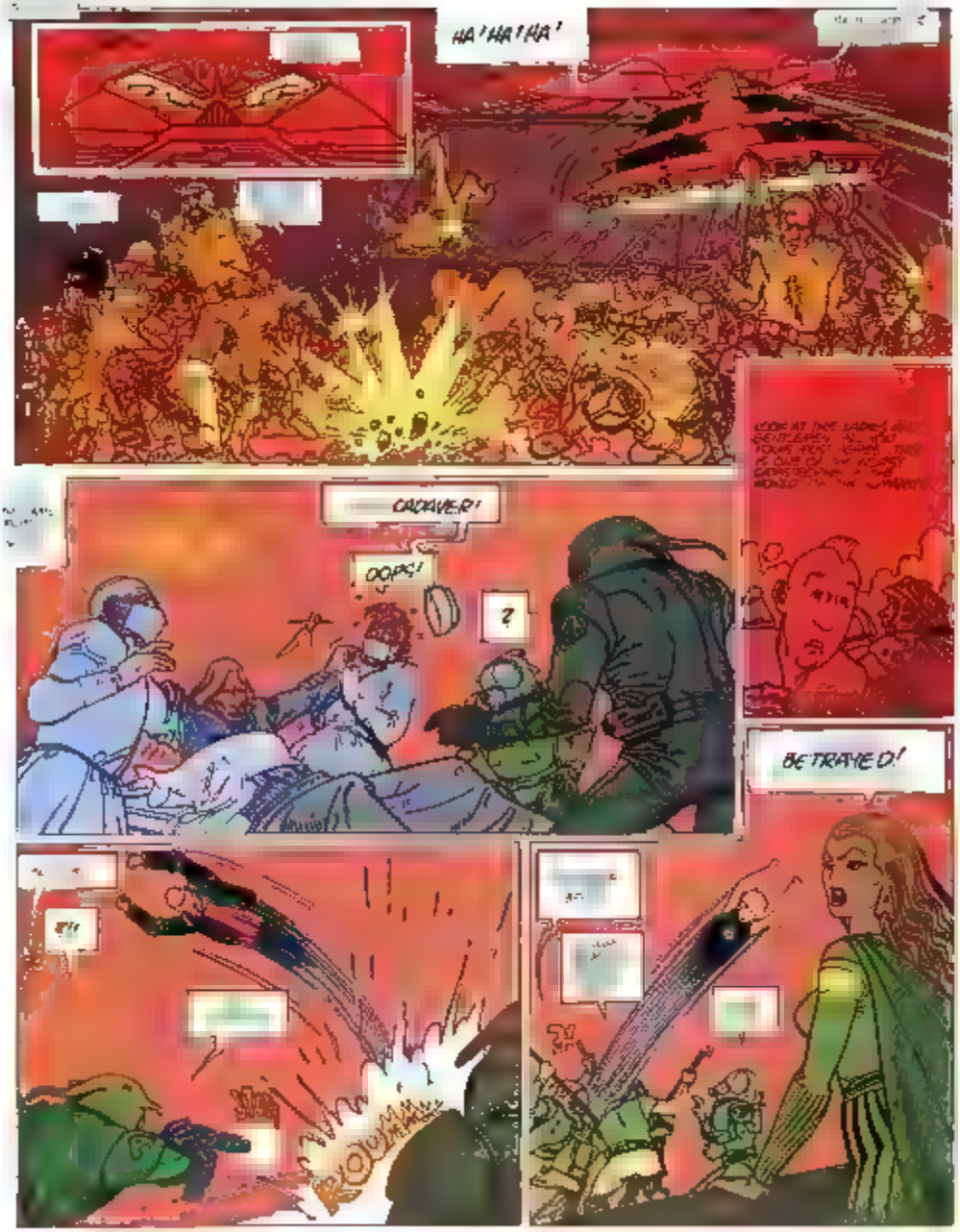
Eddie Presley, Jr.
Melbourne, Fla.

Dear [illegible]

We [illegible] the people who would [illegible] think [illegible] dream and [illegible] surface of [illegible] pursuits, spending our [illegible] with [illegible] meaningless trade! We the world-weary find your artistic [illegible] expression [illegible] damned to eternal decay and pointlessness.

[illegible] with no [illegible] the [illegible] be [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] biographic [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ATTACK!
ONE!
AAARG
SILENCE EVERYONE!


HA! HA! HA!
CADAVER!
OOPS!
?
BETRAYED!
BOUM

EXTERMINATE THEM!
CONQUER!
KILL! KILL!
GOOMONEY! GOOMONEY!

OH, THE NECRO-WAVE!
?
WHAT?
ANIMUH
GOOD!
FOLLOW ME!

I'M AGE

© J. Jones 1982

NOVA 2
'203

203

IN OTHER WORDS, THE YEARS IN AN INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE OF THE EDUCATION IN... GAVE FREE REIGN AN OFTEN HIDDEN AMBIVALENCE TO TENDENCIES AND FEELINGS USUALLY REPRESSED BY THE CONSCIOUS MIND

ALTHOUGH THERE IS NO CONCLUSIVE PROOF IT IS FEARED THAT THE THREE EVACUATION MEMBERS OF THE FIRST PRIME OF NOVA 3 WERE CAPTURED OR KILLED BY SOME OF THE PREHUMEN AFFECTED BY THE METEORITE AND AS A GROUP ARE ALREADY DANGEROUS RELIGIOUS FANATICS

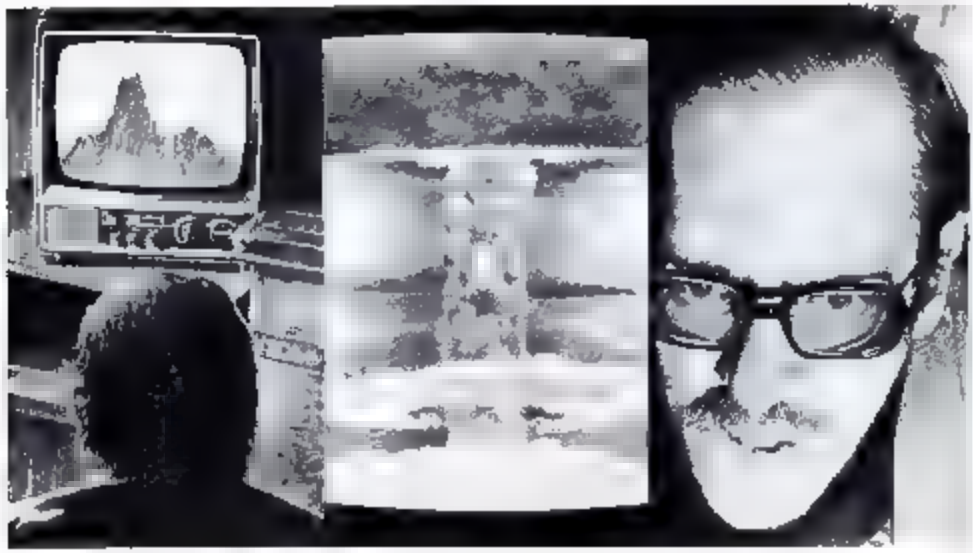
THIS IS THE CRASH SITE WHICH THE METEORITE PE... AND THE LAST PLACE THAT ANYTHING WAS HEARD FROM THE THREE EXPEDITION MEMBERS.

AND THIS IS THE WRECKAGE OF THE RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT MYSTERIOUSLY DESTROYED AFTER IT WAS SENT TO DETERMINE THE NATURE OF THE MYSTERIOUS BEING. DURING THE NOVA 2 MISSION, REPORTEDLY, THE PLANE'S PILOT RECEIVED AN INTENSE DOSE OF RADIATION. OUT OF THE DARK WITH TO THE METEORITE. HE FELL INTO A TRANCE AND COMPLETELY LOST CONTROL OF HIS JET.

THE SECOND PHASE OF THE NOVA 2 MISSION CONSISTED OF DESTROYING THE METEORITE WITH A TACTICAL MISSILE ARMED WITH A NUCLEAR WARHEAD THAT WAS INTENDED TO ELIMINATE THE DANGEROUS RADIATION

HE WAS FIRED FROM A DISTANCE OF TEN KILOMETERS AND PROPELLED AT THE TARGET WITH AS MUCH ACCURACY AS WAS HUMANLY POSSIBLE

THE SOLAR RADIATION WAS FAR MORE INTENSE THAN ANYONE HAD FORESEEN, PROBABLY ATTRIBUTABLE TO THE STRANGE ARTIFICIAL METEORITE. THIS, ALONG WITH THE STRONG WINDS TYPICAL OF THE REGION, CONTRIBUTED TO THE DISPERSAL OF THE RADIOACTIVE DEBRIS. THE FALLOUT COVERED AN AREA OF THE KANS OF SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION, CONTINENTAL NORTHWEST, AFRICA AND PARTS OF SOUTH AMERICA

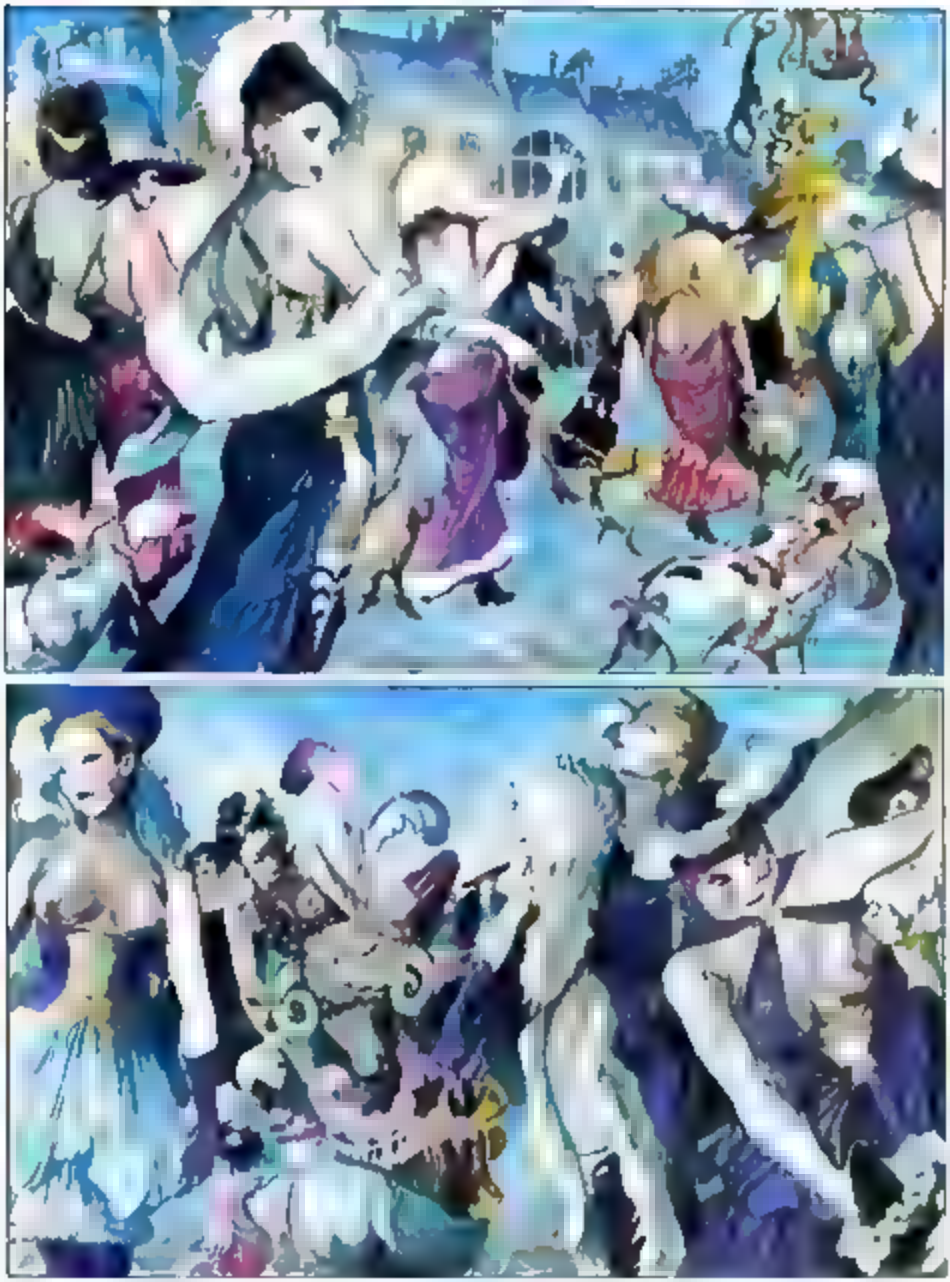


RE
ALE DE
LPTURE
BAROQU
ROCOCO

"DON'T YOU HEAR IN YOUR WORKADAY LIFE THE SILENT SIGHS AND TRIBAL TEARS... THAT AN EMBARGO OF DEATH RUNS ON THAT INSIDE, HEART? DON'T YOU FEEL A TEAR OF MINE SLIP BACK INTO YOUR MOUTH? HOW DID YOU FEEL AN HAND OF ICE STRETCH OUT TOWARD YOURS OF HOPE? DON'T YOU SEE IN YOUR DREAMS A SHADOW WANDERING THROUGH THE AIR. "OPEN IF YOU FEEL A KEY ON YOUR LIPS." EVERYONE MYSTERIOUS TO YOUR SECONDMARES!"

THE END

Life at the Circus



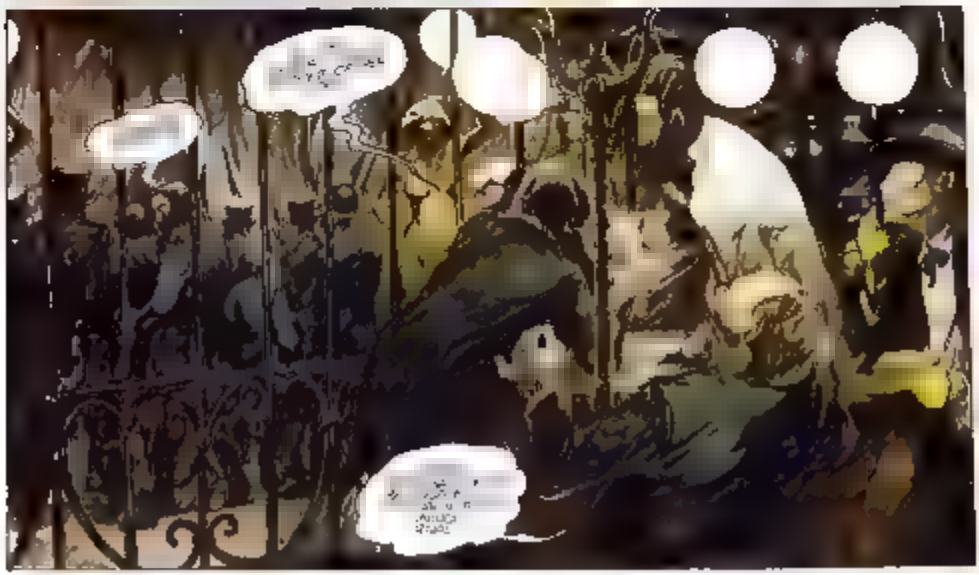
DE MILLAR

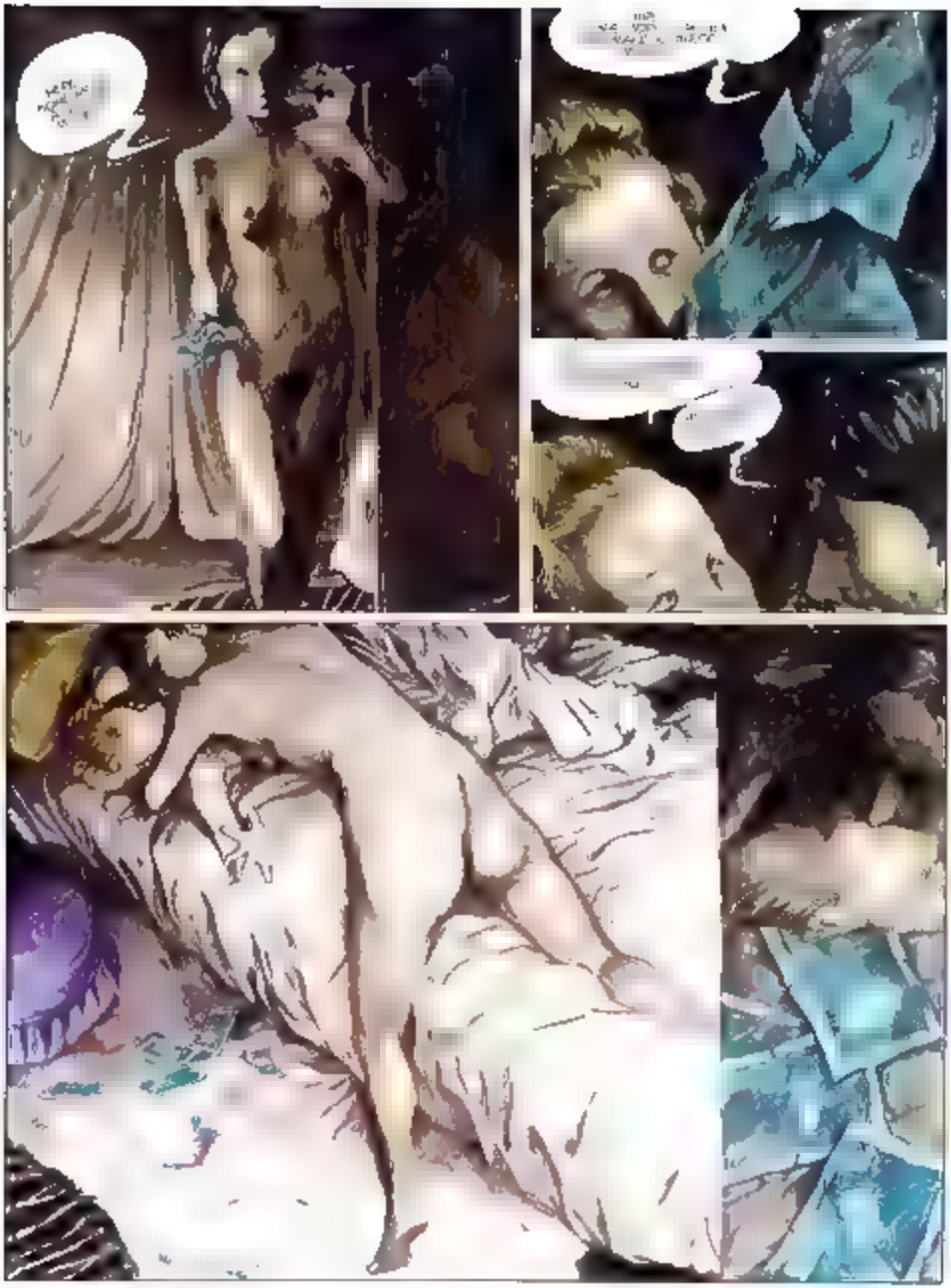
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME TEA?

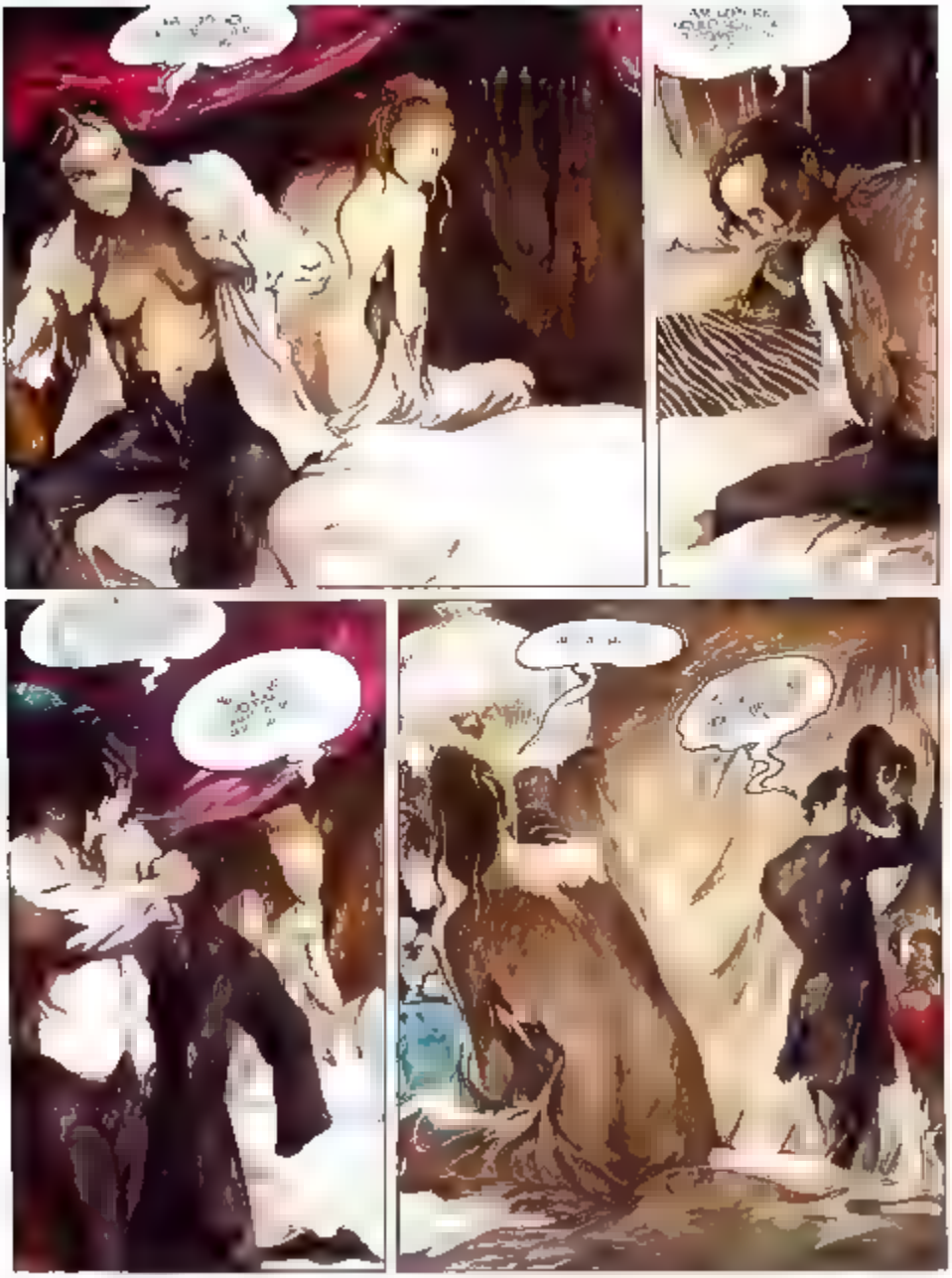
HERE'S SARA THE AMAZING
AT AN AGE OF THREE
ALREADY BORN
HERE'S SARA THE LARGEST MOUTH IN THE WORLD WITH A TONGUE LIKE A SNAKE NOT AS SO-CALLABLE REPTILE SINCE HAVE NEVER SEEN ONE

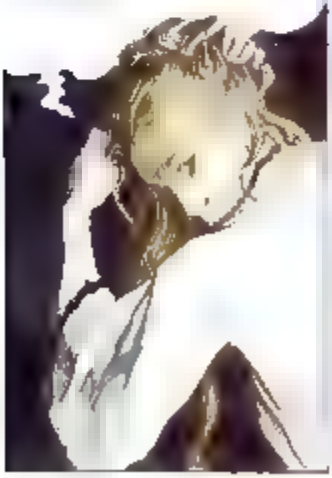
EVERYONE!
BEAUTIFUL OR UGLY, YOUNG OR OLD, YOU HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED ANYTHING IF YOU HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED SHADOWLEAF THE SLAYER

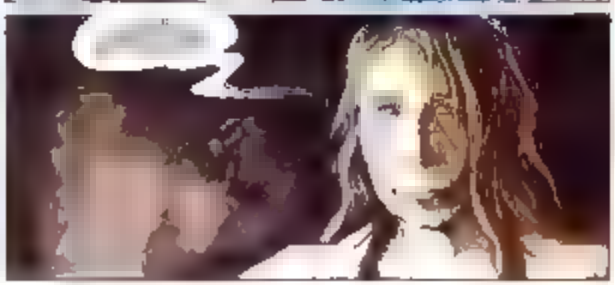
JEAN-MARIE!





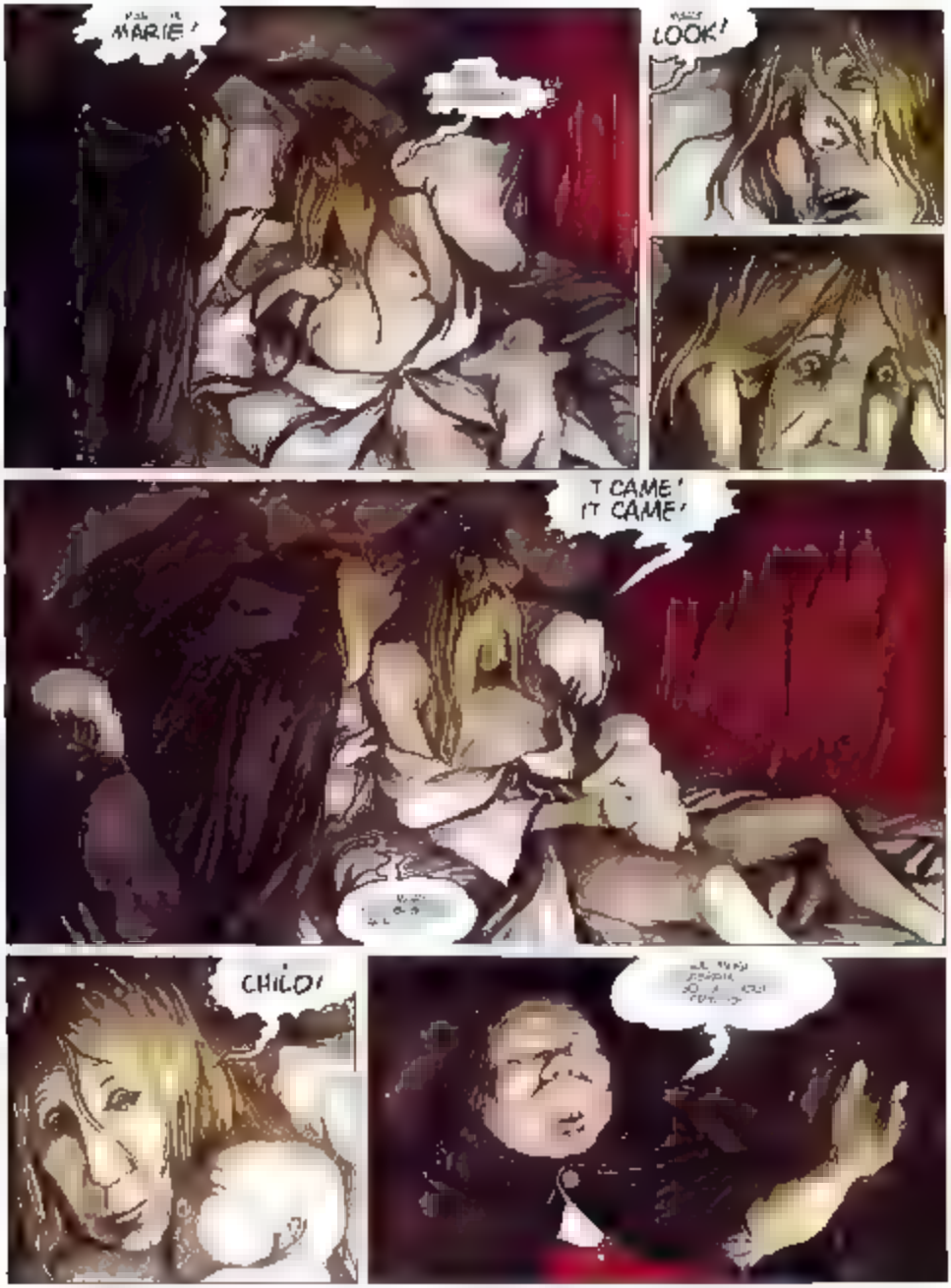


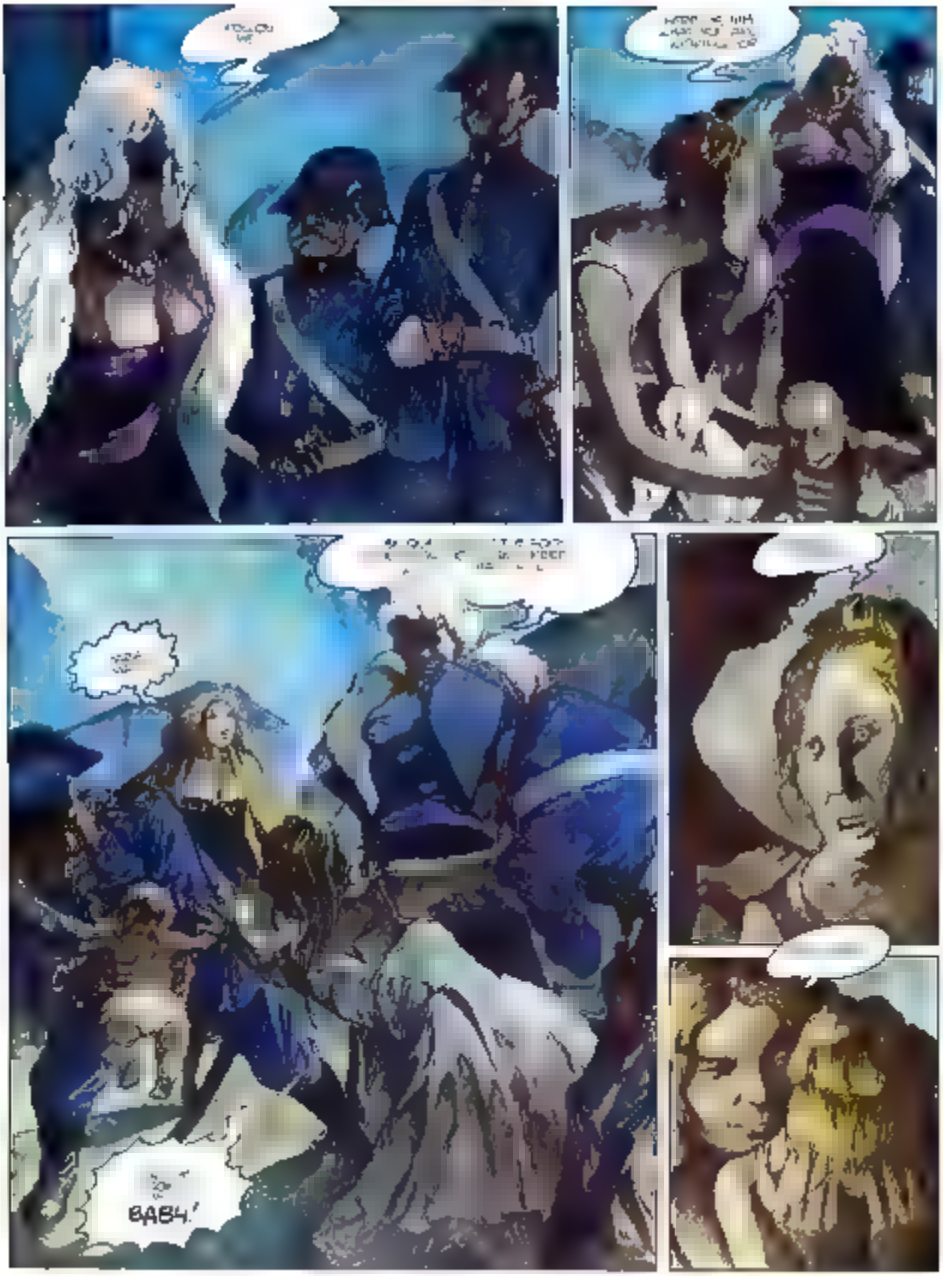




AAAOOH!
OOOH!AAAH!

OOH'EEF


MARIE!
LOOK!
I CAME!
IT CAME!
CHILD!


BABA!

ANDROBIUEZ

LET'S GO. DARA MARK UP THE MAGS A LONG TIME TO GET OUT OF THIS HOLE ON

Gallery:

by Pete Hamill

In the late 1960s, the work of Richard Corben found its way out of Kansas City into the rest of America and then the world. From the beginning, it was clear that Corben was an American popular artist whose energy, power and originality equaled those other children of Kansas City: Count Basie and Charlie Parker. Each had a unique vision, a way of seeing the world through a medium that had been dismissed as common and vulgar. Basie made swing music sound as fresh as a mountain stream; Charlie Parker could make you believe that nobody in history had ever played a saxophone. Corben took the comic strip, a form that seemed exhausted or in slick decay, and he seemed to reinvent the form.

Now there is a book—*Flights into Fantasy*—that tells us something about how Corben came to be Corben. I say "something." No book can tell us everything about a great artist, and I think Corben is a great artist.

The art in the Gallery section is from *Flights into Fantasy*, by Forrest Ehrenzeller, Milan A-G, 1981, by Richard V. Corben.

Obviously, his draftsmanship is powerful and original, but that is not why he is great. His squat, muscle-laced men do not exist in life; his voluptuous women are products of his imagination, not the gene pool; when they come together to make love, we don't observe delicate brief encounters so much as violent collisions, primitive needs sated in dense, thick receptions and penetrations. Corben has created in the tale of Den, his masterwork, visual metaphors for fucking. Not love-making. Fucking. You do not experience such extraordinary couplings in a world fashioned by Henry James or Henry Miller or even in the fevered pages of the skin magazines. Corben's power, the sheer lust of his imagination, demands its own world, and he has created that world. For me, the ability to invent an alternate world is the absolute mark of a great artist.

In this book, we can trace influences on Corben's work just as Lester Young pointed the way for Charlie Parker. Will Eisner showed Corben the possibility of the comic book page. Panels shift in size and scale, figures burst out of perspective or recede into vast, barren distances. Eisner taught everybody in comics how to use sound, and Corben has built on Eisner's use of lettering to express inexpressible sound. He has also made short films that not many people have seen, but we don't need to experience Corben in a theater; he has frozen on the pages of books and magazines some of the most remarkable movies of the era. He has taken us to Neverwhere.

Corben also learned from others—Harvey Kurtzman, Frank Frazetta, Neal Adams, Jim Steranko, and the terribly undervalued Alex Toth. He absorbed what there was to learn from Wally Wood and Jack Davis. But Corben's work never smells of the swipe file. He looked at the best people, absorbed what they had to teach him, and then went his own way.

In this album we can watch the Corben style as it develops and matures. From the beginning his sense of color was exquisite and original. Some of his earlier pictures are, for my taste, over-detailed, a hair too tight. He had to learn what every artist eventually learns, when to finish. For me, Corben is at his mature and confident best when he is most loose. That is when he is also his most fearless, he goes to a page knowing that the page cannot defeat him, that work will come off

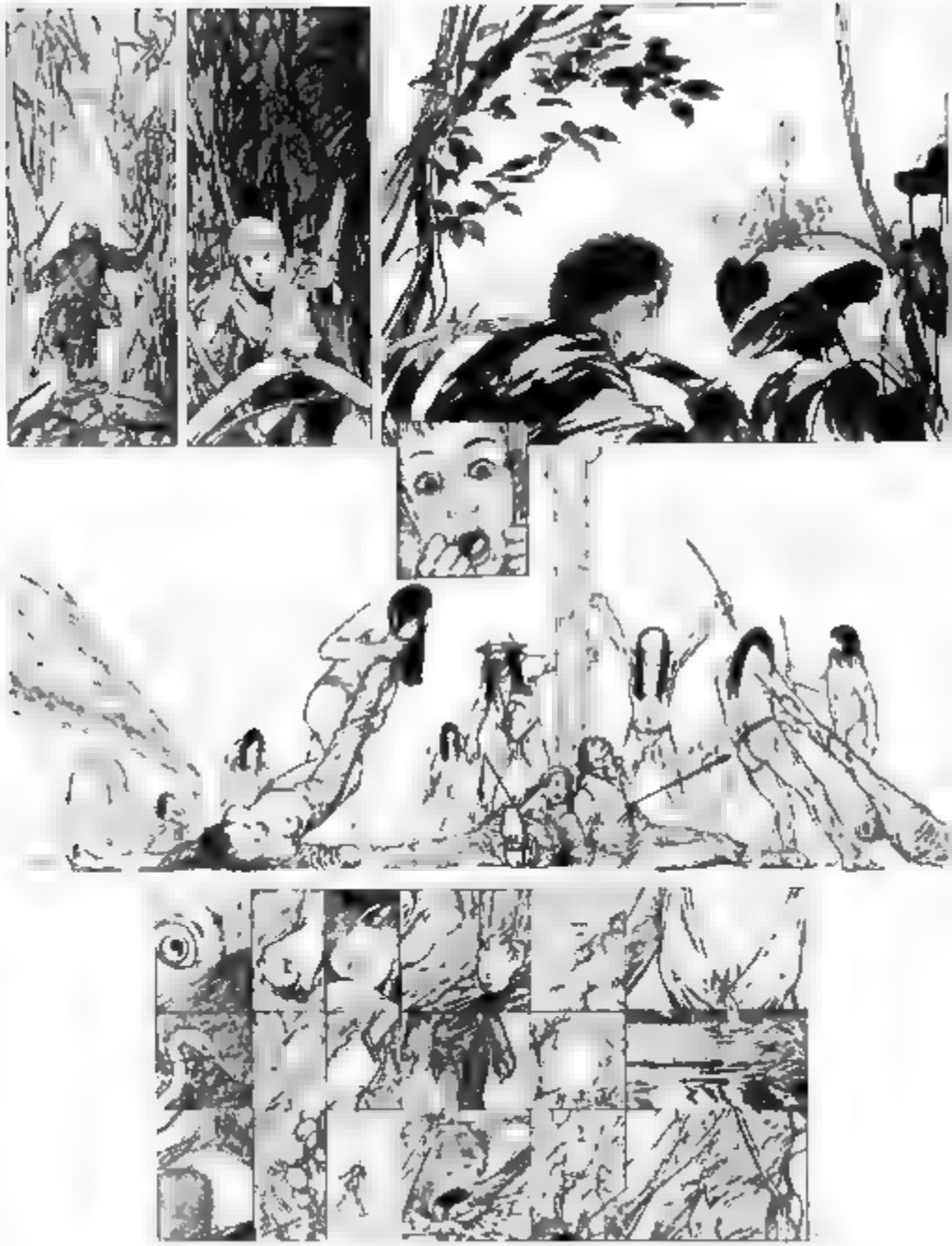
that page when he is through. It has never before existed in the world. Again, like the great artists and the most brilliant musicians.

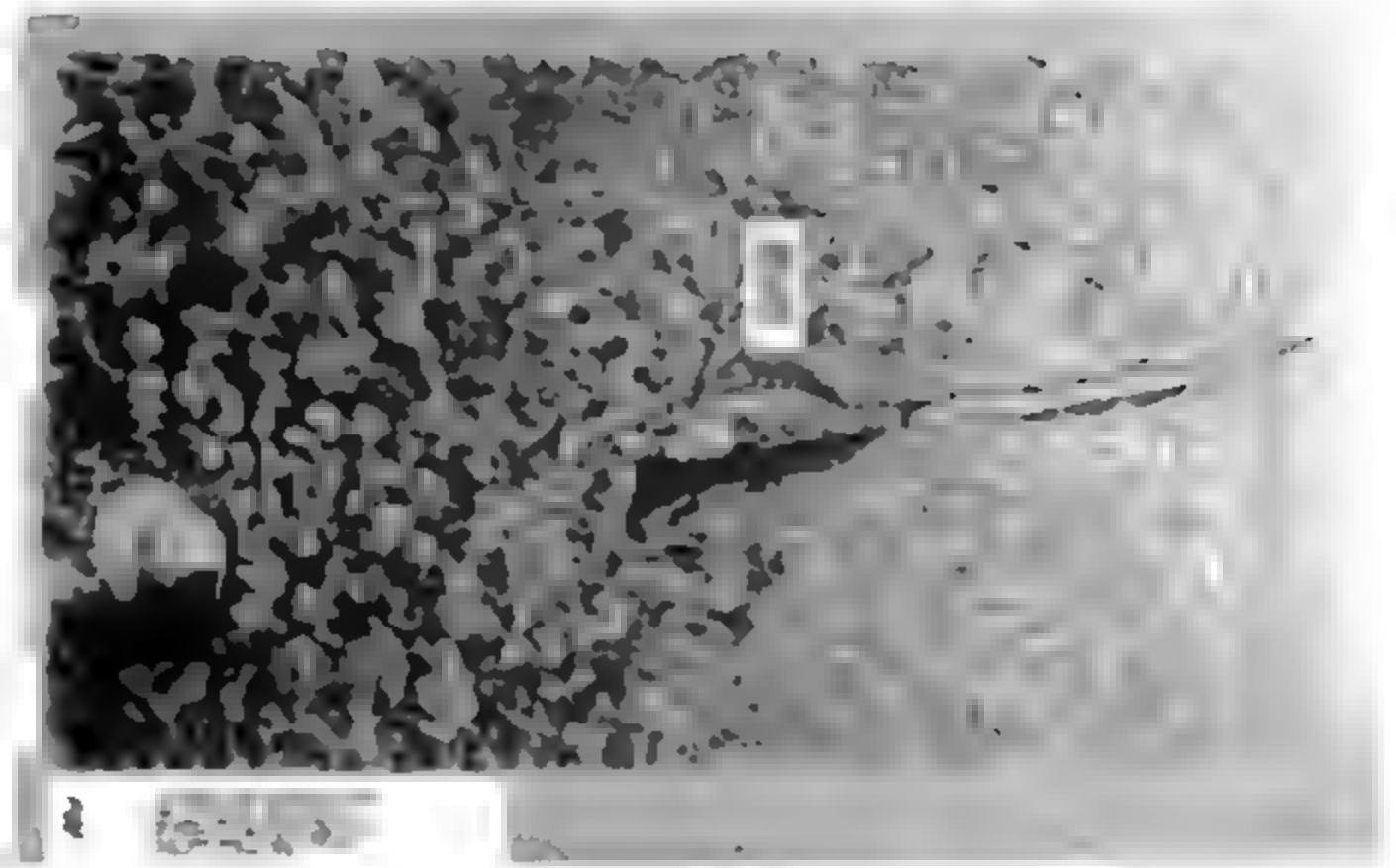
With some artists you wish you could function as a light manager and show the artist how to use his strengths and minimize his weaknesses. You don't feel that way with the mature work of Richard Corben. Somehow, during the long years when he was working as a commercial draftsman at an industrial supplier, he developed a deep communication with Corben the artist. Corben became his own manager. He used various idioms, mastered them, discarded them, and what remained was Richard Corben.

And being Richard Corben is no small thing. He is in his mature years now, and you don't ever wish to put a restraint on specific projects. You wait, and you look. He will always do one thing: he will surprise us. We can ask nothing more of an American artist than that. ●

CYMBOLA

BELIEM!
OUCH!
OOH!





I SCRAMBLED AMONG THE RUINS OF THE HENGAM PALACE UNTIL I FOUND THE MECHANICAL COMMAND CENTER. IT WAS A PRETTY GOOD HIDE-A-WAY AND ALTHOUGH I WAS FAR REMOVED BY SHAKESPEARE, AND HOW I FELT LIKE A CHARACTER FROM ONE OF HIS TRAGEDIES.

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT HERE. SHOULDN'VE BEEN DEAD BY NOW. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON. MAYBE THERE'S A WEAPON AGAINST WEAPON THAT CAN EXAMINE MY BODY.
ZORA
I'D HEARD HOW THE HUMANOID ORGANISMS IN THE "CITY" HAD BEEN MUTATED BY THE RADIATION. I'D SEEN THE DEVASTATION FIRSTHAND. BUT NOTHING COULD PREPARE ME FOR DR. ZORA'S ACCOUNT OF THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF EARTH 3 CENTURIES EARLIER.
WHAT'S THAT? AN ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVE? THAT'S THE RADIATION I'VE BEEN ABSORBING! WHILE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP, THE RADIATION HAS BEEN ABSORBED BY MY BLOOD CELLS. THEY'RE MUTATING ME! I'M GOING TO THE DEADLY BALLISTIC WEAPONS DUMP FOR BACK-UP!
I'D FORGOTTEN THAT THE RADIATION COULD HAVE ON THE HUMAN BODY. I'M BECOMING A MUTANT! I'VE SURVIVED MY INCUBATION AND HAVE BECOME A MUTATED VERSION OF MYSELF. I'M NOW ONE IN A THOUSAND YEARS. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
SINCE THEY WITHDREW AND BECAME ONE WITH THE [illegible] AREEN EVERYTHING AROUND ME ALONG WITH [illegible] FROM THE HOMEOSTASIS ARRANGING AND MOVED
[illegible] I'M A MUTANT! I'M NOT HUMAN! I'M NOT [illegible] MILLIONS OF QUESTIONS [illegible] HOOD DESTROY THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF PLANET EARTH
AND IN TIME YOU'LL HAVE THE TOOLS AND THE KNOWLEDGE TO REBUILD YOUR CIVILIZATION AND WHEN YOU DO, YOU MUST NEVER ALLOW THE HORRORS OF THESE ATTACKS TO BE REPEATED IN THE EVOLUTION OF MAN! SOMETHING ELSE I'M NEEDED AND I HEAR IT [illegible]

SOME "F FAC" ONLY WHEN WE
ARE IN THE SISTERHOOD THAT I WANT
TO BE AT YOUR SIDE & NOT HOW
DON'T BLAB WHAT IT TO BE
MARRIED
IN THE PREHISTORIC CAVERNS OF THE CRIMEAN
SLEPT ONE LONE WITNESS-IMMORTAL, NATURAL
ALL KNOWING, TIMELESS, OBSERVED THEIR
ENDEAVORS.
AND SO LOVE--BOTH FIERCE AND
KIND OF MAN--WAS REBORN
ON EARTH AFTER A LAPSE
OF CENTURIES OF MADNESS

ONCE AGAIN, INSTINCT AND PLEASURE BECAME THE RULERS FOR LIFE'S CREEPS. MAN AND WOMAN HAVE ACCEPTED THEIR UNCONSCIOUS DESTINY...AND THE DYNAMIC MIND CHANGES ITS OBSERVATIONS
AAAAAAGGG!
BY A THOUSAND DEMONS, THAT ARE, UNLESS AND SEDUCED

The Third Sexual Revolution

Part Two: The Macho Woman and the Priestess

by David Black

I. Some Notes on the Difference Between Macho and Character

Although my wife always has claimed to dislike macho natures of the Sam Peckinpah variety, I suspect that the role model she most admires is Max Headroom rather than Wayne. She rather likes the wandering-around-during-the-last-half-hour of *Ride the High Country* and of [illegible] Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea as old-type heroes of the horse opera twilight. And it struck me that a major quality which people in these assumed to be a form of macho – and which people like and in theories of people and relationships thinking has also celebrated as one

The typical idealization of the kind of *Ride the High* – whether in the novel or in the Hollywood – is what Rollo May in his book *Love and Will* calls the adversary type. In what Rollo May in his book *Love and Will* calls the adversary type. In what Rollo May in his book *Love and Will* calls the adversary type. In

and the Celestial Railroad has merely been transformed into the Soul Train. Standing by your principles is seen as almost barbaric: my

Like the suffragette Alva Belmont, my friend wants to take the vote away from men. Women, she believes, would run the world

but have to prove their virility by getting into showdowns. They are more civilized than men. They know how to get along.

While her position is extreme, there seems to be a growing acceptance, among men and women of the myth that men are more aggressive and hostile than women. Men are advised to accept the

the lures of macho. Even the word macho has come to have a

And suppose certain aspects of macho should be discouraged. But this is where a discrimination should be made between the cult

Antigone risking her life to bury her brother is acting according to

doing so. By defining character a

death

As a revenge for the death of her children, Lilith—according to legend—stalked around the earth, injuring newborn babies. She was a she-demon, a succubus, a vampire, who, though beautiful, lived without giving satisfaction. She was an entire monster: the more one was aroused by her, the more one needed to be aroused. *Not world without end, Amen*, but *orgasm without end*.

She was, in some versions of the legend, appropriately, sterile, a symbol of recreational, not procreational, sex. Eve was the symbol of procreational sex. Eve was also, unlike Lilith, subservient to Adam, less than Adam. Part of Adam. Originally, Adam—like Plato's original human—was two beings in one. He had two faces, which were separated when Eve was born. Not wanting Eve to be arrogant, wanton, proud, God made Eve from a rounded part of Adam's body, and, as God formed her bit by bit, He repeated over and over, "Be chaste, be chaste." As Louis Ginzberg, one of the

al disobeying God's orders doubly. When she ate of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, the first thing she did was to clothe herself.

and will contain Her mysteries until the coming of the Messiah.

These two figures represent

or Lilith guards the gate to the future—not only of the individual, but of the race. Eve represents continuity—although continuity with sorrow, death, and pain; life in its endless circle of death and rebirth. Lilith represents an escape from that cycle of sorrow. The endless arousal she creates, the lust that feeds on itself, growing stronger as it consumes itself, is a perfect metaphor for a nuclear holocaust: a fire that feeds on itself, sucking the whole world into its flame, the brightest and most beautiful of all lights.

lock, a merging, of living-sorrow and dying-arousal. If Lilith was God's consort after the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple, the Matronit or the Matron was, according to Cabalistic tradition, God's consort before the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple. The

Raphael Patai, an expert on Jewish myths who has worked at the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Columbia (*The Hebrew Goddess*, Avon, 1978)

In every way she is the mirror image of Lilith. The Matronit

Women, any women, as representative of the Great Goddess, becomes Lilith or the Matronit, shown one aspect or another, as the destroyer, the devine whore, the mother, the virgin, God's mistress or Satan's or man's. And sex, when engaged in, becomes—not merely recreational or procreational—but a mystic copulation with one form or another of this Goddess. Like Shakti in Tantric lore who dances the dance of illusion, creating the false reality of separate things, women—as Lilith or the Matronit—create what passes for the objective world. They become ministers of experience,

showing at the moment illusion is finally ripped away and true reality

Part 3 (September 1982) will trace the secret history of spiritual transcendence through sex from the present to its source—with stopovers in the Renaissance, Middle Ages, and ancient Greece.

Special Limited Offering

RARE WOODSTOCK TICKETS FOUND!

Now! The 60s Can Live Forever

The historic social phenomenon of mud, flowers and love in 1969 known as Woodstock is already an American legend. The greatest names in contemporary music played second-fiddle to the greatest performance by the youth of America. This magical event is already an important historical landmark closing a decade of student activism this country can never forget.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

As records reveal, a mammoth crowd was present, only a fraction of which is why some 10,000 unsold, mint condition tickets were found in a warehouse last spring.

They became instant collector's items. Each is perfect and each is numbered. 3-day Woodstock tickets, beautifully mounted (removable—not glued) and framed in glass. Emphasizing their almost investment potential is even that saved by their very personal social, cultural and nostalgic significance to all of us who lived through America's tumultuous sixties.

FIRST-COME-FIRST-SERVED

We can now offer these rare and wonderful treasures on a first-come-first-served basis—for once they are gone, they cannot be replaced. Once sold out, all orders and checks will be immediately returned. Here's what you get:

- *The original 3-day ticket, framed and ready for display*
- *Certificate of authenticity from the original printer*
- *Appraisal estimate for $600 from famed Sotheby's of New York*

Best of all, we can offer your Woodstock tickets at their original face value of $24.00 plus $6 for the handsome protective mounting and backing under glass. Your total investment: $30.00, despite the hefty $600 appraisal!

An investment? An historical collectible? Or perhaps a priceless memento of a unique and moving era for America. Those for whom this special event had meaning should order right NOW, for this limited offer once concluded can never come again!

HM Galleries, Dept. HM 782
635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

Please send me a [illegible] framed Woodstock ticket[s] and appraisal [illegible] $4.95 for postage and careful handling. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I may return [illegible] for a prompt refund. [illegible]

Name

Address

City

State Zip

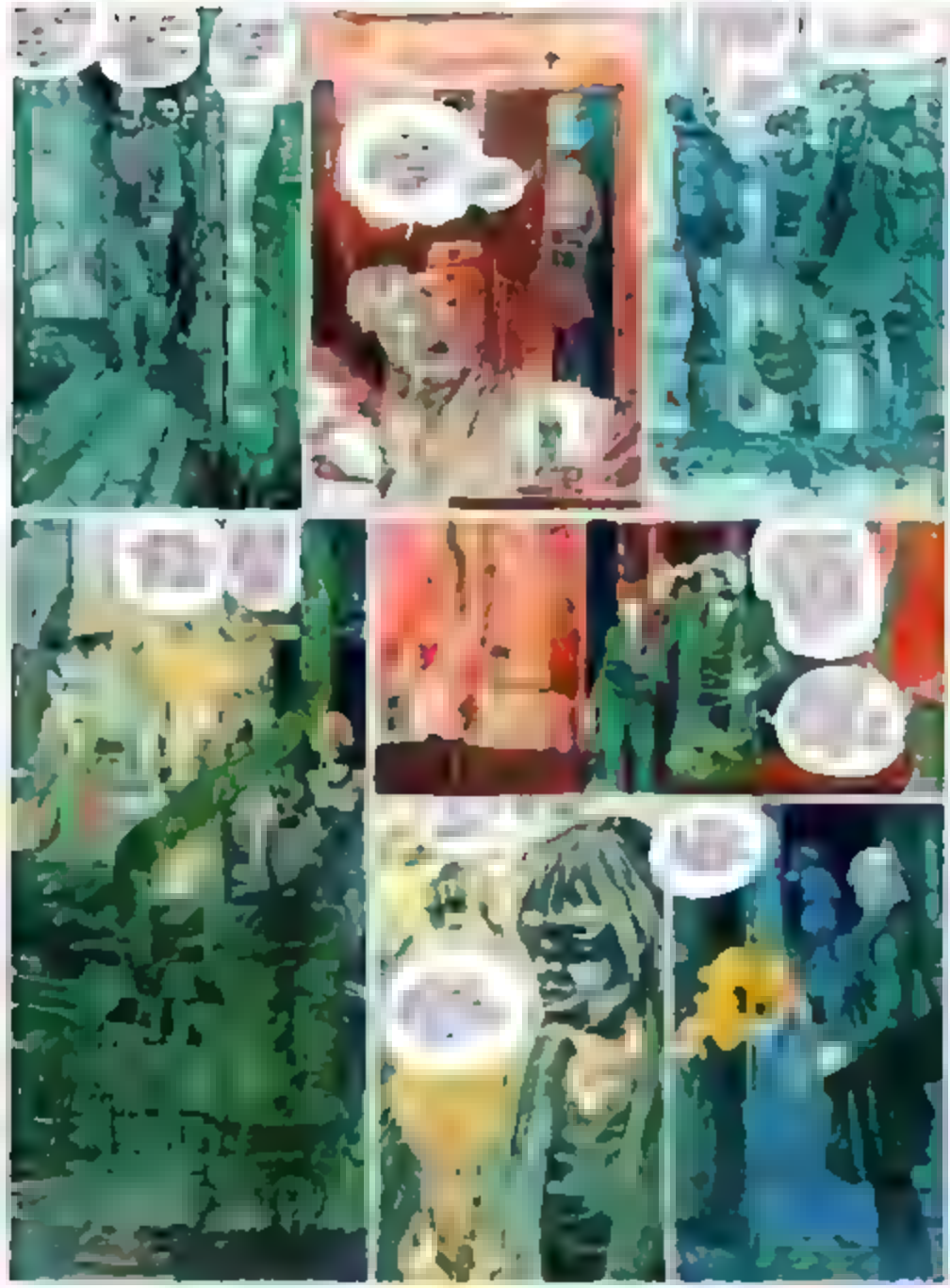
Visa [illegible]

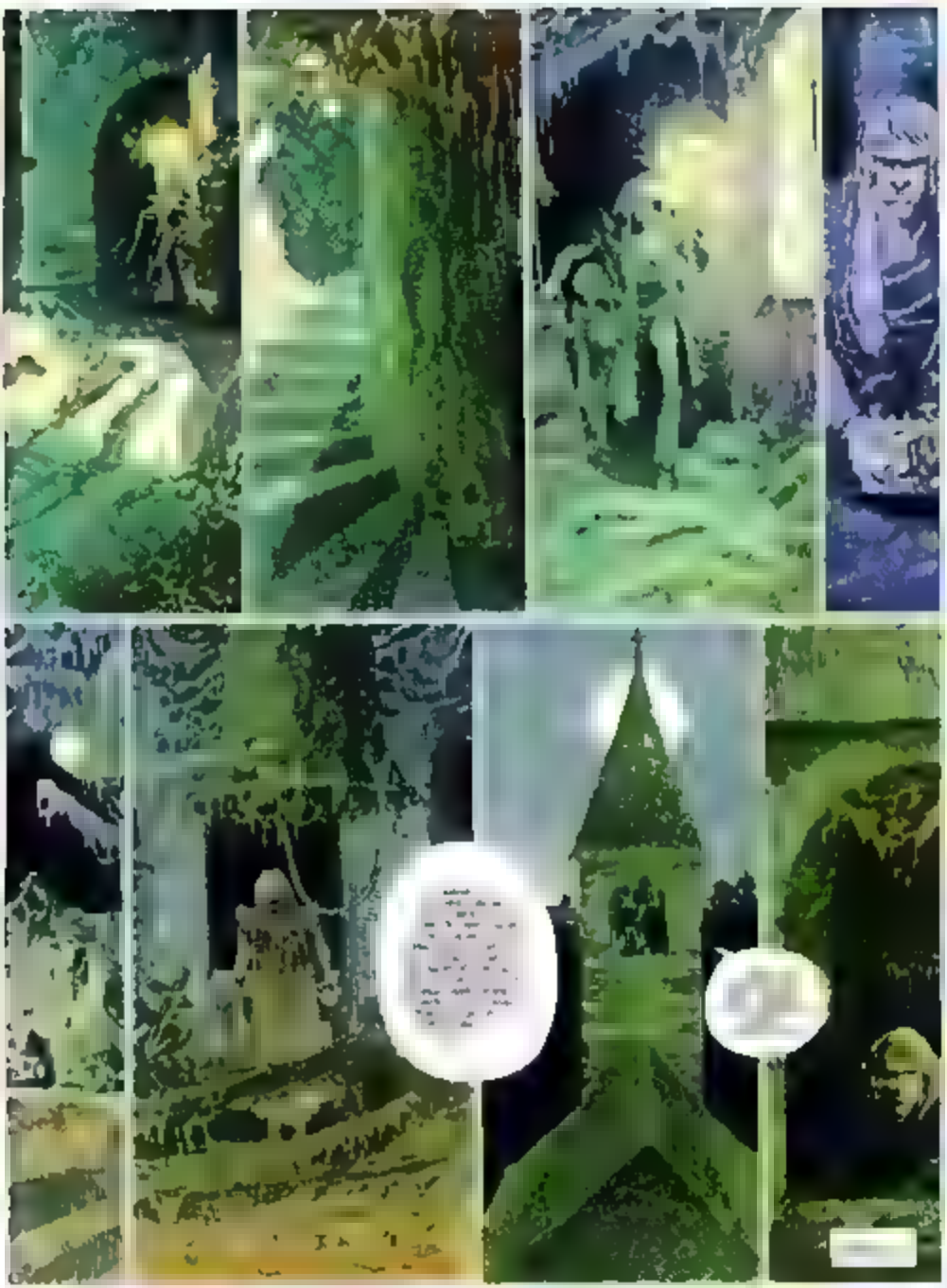
Exp

ancient innocence
she passed
a shadowed reflection
of ancient innocence
pressed in white
and wondered sense.

THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

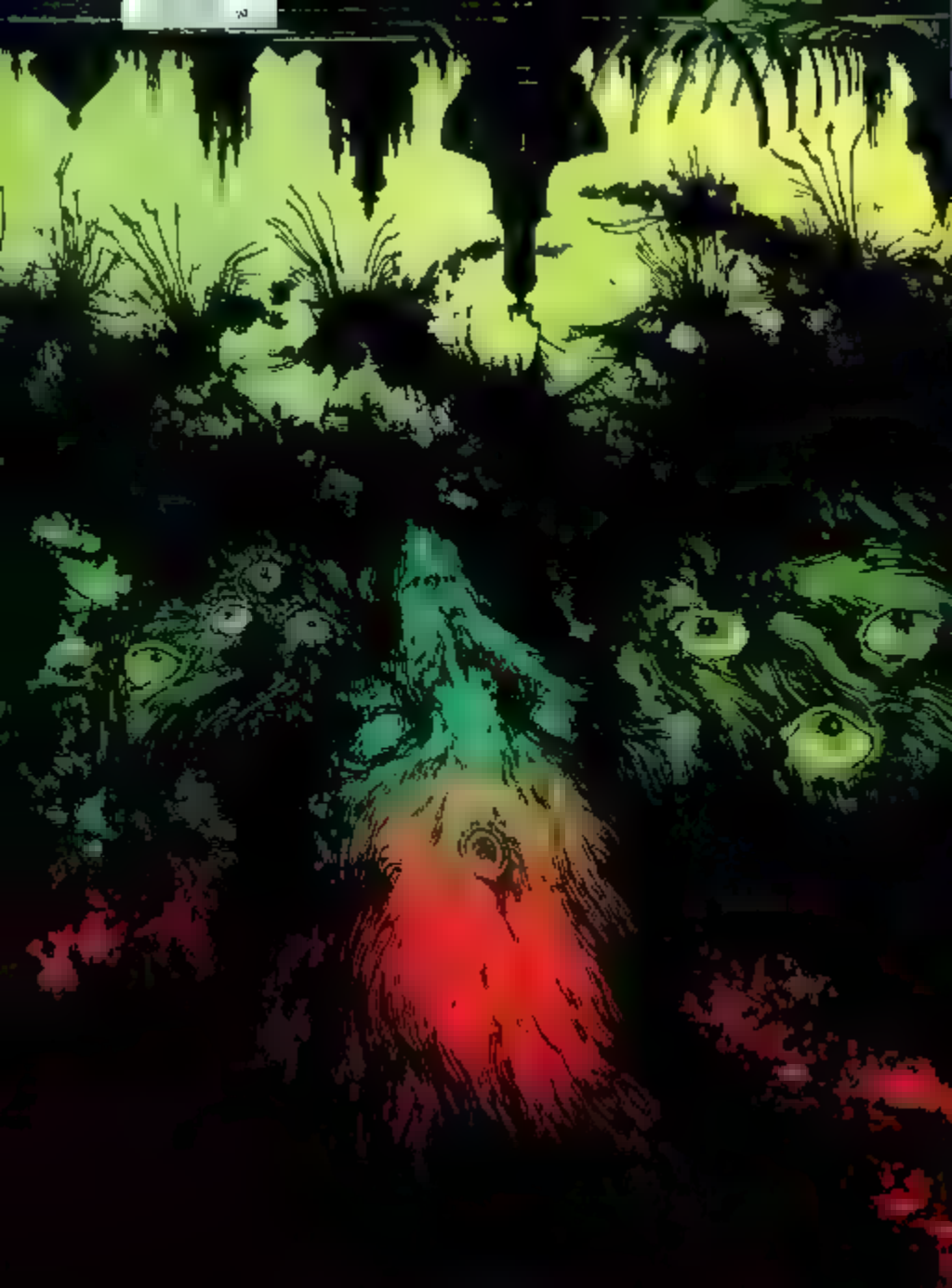
VOUTE





IN THESE TIMES OF PEACE IN THE TEMPLES,
THE BELLIES OF METEORS, MAD PRIESTS
SANG THE NAME, YRAGAEL, PRINCE OF
MEN.
YRAGAEL

BUT AS ON THE CONFINES OF THE EARTH, THE GLACIERS WERE BEING WORN AWAY AGAINST RAMPARTS OF STONE IN THE YOUNG MOUNTAINS··· AS IN THE TROPICS THE TORRID VAPORS WERE DISPERSING BEFORE THE FLOWER-ISLANDS THE GODS WERE WEARIED, WERE FRETTING AND PILING UP CYCLONES OF CINDERS, AND TERRORS, AND CRYSTALLIZING WINTERS..UNTIL ONE DAY, DAWN, NIGHT, TEMPEST...



HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

SOLD OUT!

SOLD OUT!

SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER 1980 Meet the Shaper upon return. Pin-up & cover by Wayne Barlowe, in defiance of its guidance, begs we give the scene hereby. Chambers Maltese, Kamal Seragon and other (£5.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980 Premiering Corben's Abelard Bloodpact. Crepaxs Valentina and Garland and Alcala's What is Reality, Egad? Plus The Eater of the Fog, Rod Serling, and Metallic (£5.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jerusalem returns with "Midnight Son Wood makes the hill dance with Bang, Kish!" Plus more Corben, Garland and Robert Maguire, and Rod Dorn! Moebius tells us "There's a Place Charming on Pharaoh" Don reads it! (£3.50)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: Norman S. Burroughs discusses Carson Dalgoda, while "The Heavy Gang" an incredibly wicked character gets indicted in, and Judy Bowden Spector sidles attractive Peggy Pure and Jerold's Pickin' Boy's city and environs with the main house! (£3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981: Tex Arlette, Jean Giraud's epic Western, begins "What is Reality, Egad?" and "The Jam Marauders of the Shadows continue and Druillet's wild praises of Paradox: a classic Schwarzeb comes to animal Pug, Hector Crepax's ever smug study on violence in America (£3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: ... and the Mask, Corben's "Bloodstar, Gradfield's "Code Blue, Soldier" Harry Horse's "Stones from London," and an interview with Julie Peters. Don't think we could do it in one sheet did ya? (£3.00)

#50/MAY 1981: The premiere of Chaykin's "Daly Planet" and Giraud's "The Incredible Tale" Plus Bourbon's "The Ten Brigs" and a tribute to Burroughs pure on wonderful (£3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981: The first instalment of the Richard Corben interview at last, Jan Balvanda's adaptation of Richard Brennert, and Howard V. Chaykin wraps up the Daly Chaykin Corben and Burroughs interview! (£3.00)

#52/JULY 1981: Stephen King launches with "The Man for Compressor," Jan Balvanda's adaptation of Richard continues while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it up (£3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981: Spurred on the Immortal Majesty the many pages of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the Heavy Metal movie (£3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's "Den" Jim Jones's "The Age," Jean Giraud's "Incredible Industry" and Eric Wolf's interview with the Muppets of space (£3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981: Shakespeare for Americans, the new episode of Segrelles "Alquimia," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet, plus Jim Jones, Chris Bilal, and Silverstein. (£3.00)

#56/NOVEMBER 1981: Jeronimo's "Egg of the World" Jim Jones, Segrelles and Bilal are among the pin-up stars and Richard Corben beautifully (£3.00)

#57/DECEMBER 1981: Enrique Badimon's new Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles and Corben. Plus we are adding to "The Invaders Tales" (£3.00)

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our Heavy Metal movie review issue, including Ralph Bakshi and Gallant, and "The Awesome Man" by Bond, Druillet and Bellon! As surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles Shanower and (£3.00)

#59/FEBRUARY 1982: Begins with the further adventures of John Blood in "The Iron Light" Moon and Caballero Badger Kaus pen some---apart Pop Fantastic Jones, Schuiten and (£3.00)

#60/MARCH 1982: Our second Elvis & Rock issue, we carry Dan Mclaren's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon, Lee Garcia's "Move It" begins Enki Bilal's "Nikopol Trilogy," Jim Jones, Chris Bilal, and Silverstein. Segrelles Den Rock Opera, Big Enjoy (£3.00)

#61/APRIL 1982: Our 5th anniversary issue offers you a variety of special Wraps with Corben, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an interview with Bilal! Plus the usual suspects (£3.00)

#62/MAY 1982: In the wake we give you the first part of David Brin's "Third Annual Revelation" and let you look at "The Art of Dr. Seuss" Schwarzenegger. Plus "Balkan" and Vanilla by Ted White and Vala Lang (£3.00)

#63/JUNE 1982: We proudly bring you our Fantastic Comic issue, with Jones's work, Caleb Scapes and A Crumb. They are all surrounded by reprints Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten and Enki Bilal. (£3.00)

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 7-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	May 1977	$4.00
	June 1977	$3.00
	July 1977	$3.00
	Aug. 1977	$3.00
	Sept. 1977	$3.00
	Oct. 1977	$3.00
	Nov. 1977	$3.00
	Dec. 1977	$3.00
	Jan. 1978	$3.00
	Feb. 1978	$3.00
	Mar. 1978	$3.00
	Apr. 1978	$3.00
	May 1978	$3.00
	June 1978	$3.00
	July 1978	$3.00
	Oct. 1978	$3.00
	Nov. 1978	$3.00
	Dec. 1978	$3.00
	Jan. 1979	$3.00
	Feb. 1979	$3.00
	Mar. 1979	$3.00
	Apr. 1979	$3.00
	May 1979	$3.00
	July 1979	$3.00
	Aug. 1979	$3.00
	Sept. 1979	$3.00
	Oct. 1979	$3.00
	Nov. 1979	$3.00
	Dec. 1979	$3.00
	Jan. 1980	$3.00
	Feb. 1980	$3.00
	Mar. 1980	$3.00
	Apr. 1980	$3.00
	May 1980	$3.00
	June 1980	$3.00
	July 1980	$3.00
	Aug. 1980	$3.00
	Sept. 1980	$3.00
	Oct. 1980	$3.00
	Nov. 1980	$3.00
	Dec. 1980	$3.00
	Jan. 1981	$3.00
	Feb. 1981	$3.00
	Mar. 1981	$3.00
	Apr. 1981	$3.00
	May 1981	$3.00
	June 1981	$3.00
	July 1981	$3.00
	Sept. 1981	$3.00
	Oct. 1981	$3.00
	Nov. 1981	$3.00
	Dec. 81	$3.00
	Jan. 1982	$3.00
	Feb. 1982	$3.00
	May 1982	$3.00
	Apr. 1982	$3.00
	May 1982	$3.00
	June 1982	$3.00

You purchased a total of $
Thank you very much for your purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are shipped in protective packaging.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do want to order, please print or type all necessary information and address it with a check or money order.

Beautiful Women!
For just $3.50 you get our old standby - a photo and fanzine mini-package of pictures of our new, more sophisticated look. Headgirls' familiar with other editors. For just $3.50. Each comes crammed chock full of each unique, joyously indulgent Cheesecake of those girls. Hell, that's the $20.00 worth - or more! - which accurate real money as a Sunday circle up for!
HEAVY METAL

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 7-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	Cheesecake	
	Special	$3.50
	New Jezebel	
	Classic Section	$3.50
	Cheesecake	$25 plus $3
	Portfolio	postage and
	Reunion	handling ($8
	you would like	Canadian
		and Foreign
	New package	$20 plus $3
	Classic with Velvet	postage and
	Reunion	handling ($8
	you would like	Canadian
		and Foreign

You purchased a total of $
Thank you very much for your purchase plus shipping and handling.

Name

Address

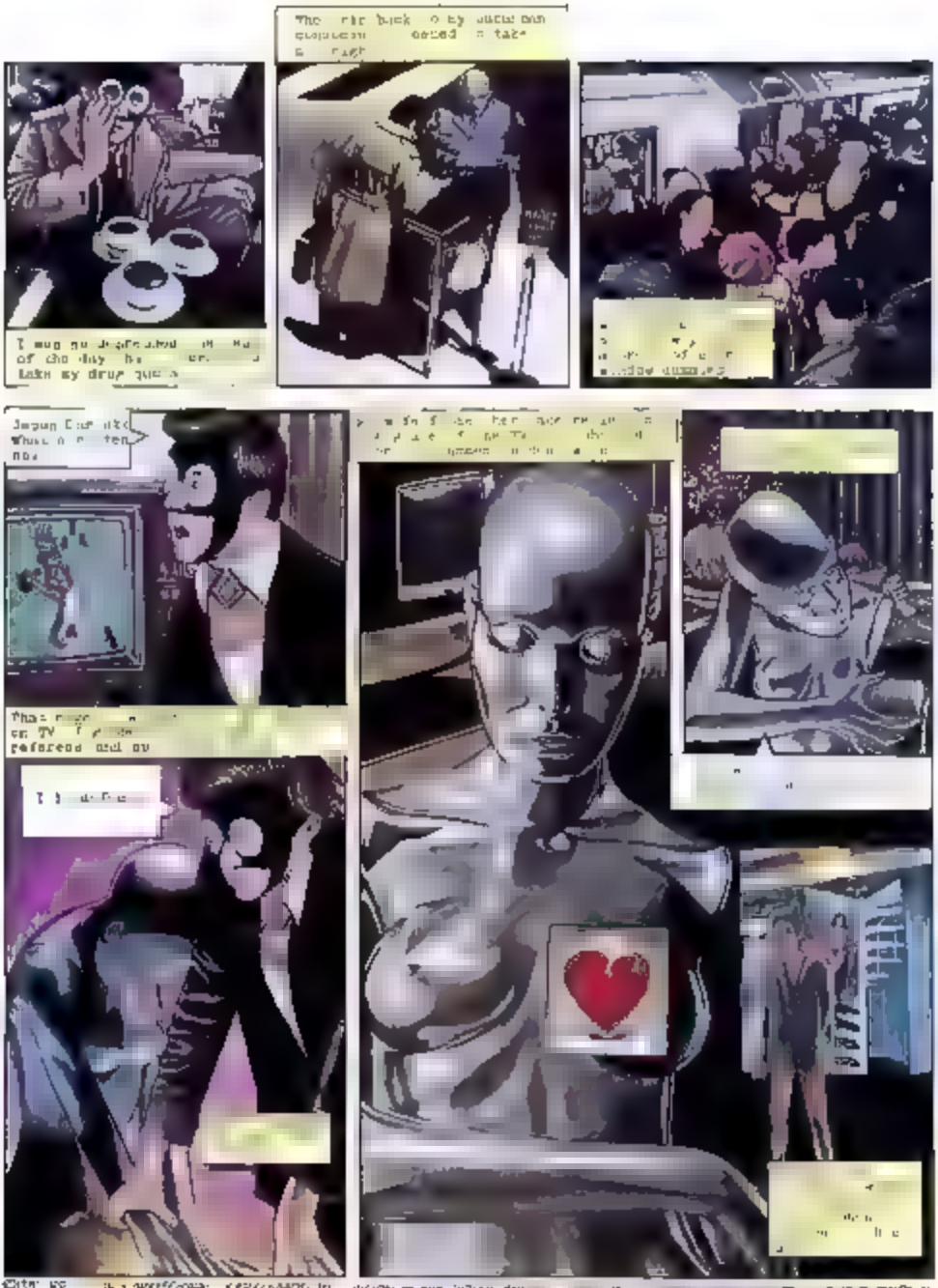
City

State Zip

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and address it with a check or money order.

ROCK OPERA PRESENTS
Cond
bo
Pa

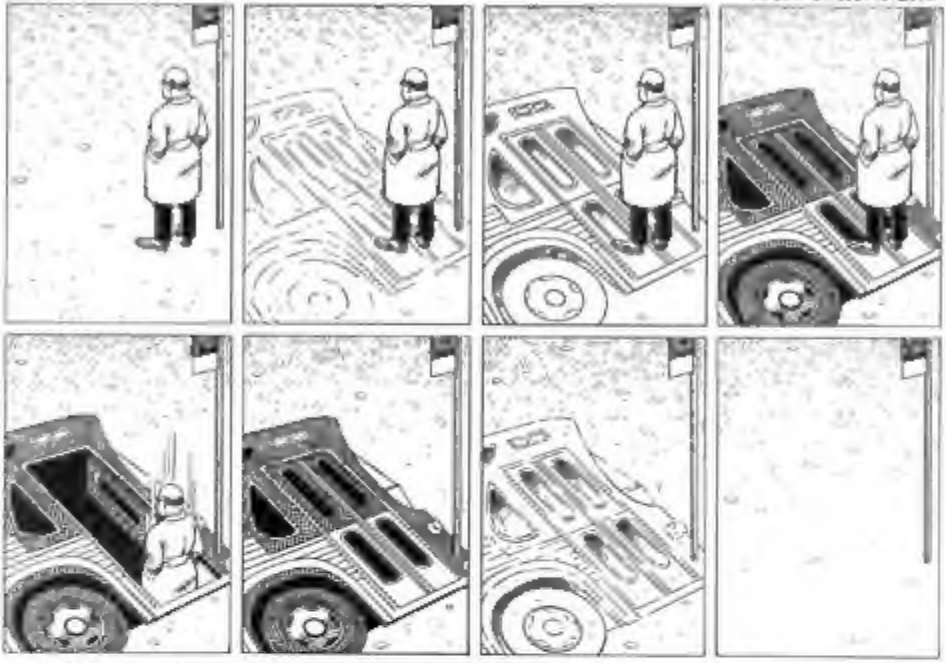
Coffee Mr. D.
Thanks Estrella.
HAPPY ANNIV BILL
But what about your wife?



To Be Continued

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



1. BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE.

INSTANT RESPECT
GET IT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE NOT NICE T-SHIRTS!

[illegible]

2. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'RE LIKING ONLY A FEW OF THE MANY THINGS I DISLIKE ABOUT YOU. 3. I USED TO BE DISGUSTED. NOW I'M JUST AMUSED. 4. WE'LL GET ALONG FINE AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOD. 5. THERE IS ONLY ONE THING I KNOW FOR SURE: ALL OTHER KNOWING IS MERE GUESSWORK. 6. I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T CARE. AND I DON'T KNOW I KNOW. I AM OFFENSIVE. 7. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH. THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT. 8. IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE 'EM WITH BRILLIANCE, WHO'S GOING TO NOTICE? 9. I AM NOT CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS. I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE. 10. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME. 11. I HAVE AN IRRESISTIBLE [illegible] QUESTION AUTHORITY. 13. JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN EVERYONE ISN'T OUT TO GET YOU. 14. DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS. I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH. 15. IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS. 16. NOT SF, I'M NOT CYNICAL. JUST EXPERIENCED. 18. THERE ARE NO RULES. 19. ASK ME IF I CARE. 20. THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS. 21. I'LL TELL YOU WHEN A BEAUTIFUL BODY WILL HOLD IT AGAINST ME? 22. BODY N' SOUL IS NOT POLITE. 23. IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU'LL NEVER KNOW. 24. WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? WHY BOTHER? 25. I KNOW YES IS WHERE YOU LOW-INTENDED WHAT I SAID BUT WHAT YOU HEARD WAS NOT WHAT I MEANT. 26. I DON'T CARE. I DON'T HAVE TO. 27. WHEN I'M UNSURE I'M VERY UNSURE. BUT WHEN I'M SURE I'M SURE. 28. I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 29. IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS. 30. WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US AGAINST. 31. I'D RATHER LAUGH WITH THE SINNERS THAN CRY WITH THE SAINTS. 32. MADNESS? NO, THIS IS SPARTA! 33. LIFE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHILE YOU'RE BUSY MAKING OTHER PLANS. 34. WE'RE DIRTY BUT ONLY IF YOU DO IT RIGHT. 35. THE USER SHALL THRIVE. THE UNIT SHALL SERVE. 36. I'M MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE! 37. SORRY, TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY. YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT ALIVE. 38. IMMATERIAL MINORITY. 39. I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET. I AM HARD TO GET. 40. NEVER EXPLAIN. YOUR FRIENDS DON'T MIND IT AND YOUR ENEMIES WON'T BELIEVE IT ANYWAY. 41. I NEVER ARGUE WITH FOOLS. PEOPLE MIGHT NOT KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. 42. IT IS MORALLY WRONG TO ALLOW SUCKERS TO KEEP THEIR MONEY. 43. [illegible] GRAND ANYMORE. IT'S TWO GRAND. 44. YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT, BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU NEED. 45. WHEN EVERY [illegible] EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT NOBODY WANT TO DIE. 47. I RING WELL. I'M JUST SLIGHTLY OUT OF TUNE. 48. POVERTY SUCKS. 49. LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION. I CAN FIND MY OWN WAY. 50. IF YOU'RE SO SMART WHY AREN'T YOU RICH? 51. THERE'S A BUTTERFLY BETWEEN A DREAM AND A FART. 52. BUT THEN, I DON'T NEED YOU. 53. YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN BETTER AND WORSE, BUT I'M GRATEFUL FOR EVERY KIND WORD. 54. I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING. 55. I'M WRONG TO WANT YOU AS MUCH AS YOU CAN'T TRUST ME. WHEN YOU'VE GOT THEM BY THE BALLS THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS WILL FOLLOW. 57. I'M REALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU. 58. I'LL TRUST THAT AGAIN REAL SOON. 59. WE ARE ALL EQUAL, BUT SOME OF US ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS. 60. BULLSHIT. BULLSHIT. BULLSHIT. 61. DON'T GIVE ME THAT GOOSE. GOOSE BULLSHIT. 62. I SEEM TO HAVE TOUCHED A NERVE. 63. WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND. 64. MY WILL IS STRONG. 65. NICE GUYS DON'T FINISH. 66. HOW MUCH THEY CAN STAY AWAY WITH WHO THEY GOT THEIR ASS FROM. 67. TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOUTH AND SKILL. 68. DAMN, I'M GOOD. 69. THERE ISN'T ENOUGH TIME IN THE DAY. 70. IF I'M JUST WRONG, PERHAPS MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY. 71. I TALK TO MYSELF BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY TIME I CAN HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION. 72. TIME FLIES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. 73. NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED. 74. REMEMBER, WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE. 75. YOU'RE NOT GETTING OLDER, YOU'RE GETTING BITTER. 76. I'M EASY TO PLEASE AS LONG AS I GET MY WAY. 77. I'M NOT LOOKING FOR THE WORST OF ALL, JUST WHO'S IN IT. 78. WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE US. 79. THERE IS NO PLAN. 80. NOT SHORT READING IN THE AREA. 81. I MADE MY PLACE IN THE WORLD BY NOT DOING ANYTHING AND MAKING IT LOOK LIKE POWER. 82. I'M NOT HAPPY UNLESS YOU'RE UNHAPPY. 83. I'M NOT TRYING TO BE EVIL AND SO FAR I'M DOING A GOOD JOB. I WOULD BE DISHONEST. 84. GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS. 85. NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING. IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG. 86. WHAT'S A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? 87. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME JUST ASK ME. 88. WHEN YOU'VE GOT NOTHING YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE. 89. WE'RE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE. 90. WHERE YOU STAND DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU SIT. 91. ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG. 92. NEVER TRUST A MAN WHO DOESN'T DRINK. 93. WISH IF I COULD, BUT I CAN'T. 94. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY, BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE. 95. EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO EVERYBODY SOONER OR LATER. IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN TO YOU, YOU'RE DEAD. 96. YOU CAN'S DON'T AIN'T IN WRITING AND MAKE IT TO YOURSELF. 97. POWER TENDS NOT AMPLIFY YOUR FLAWS. 98. I'M NOT PLAYING TO BE EVIL AND SO FAR I'M DOING A GOOD JOB. I WOULD BE DISHONEST. 84. GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS. 85. NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING. IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG. 86. WHAT'S A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? 87. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME JUST ASK ME. 88. WHEN YOU'VE GOT NOTHING YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE. 89. WE'RE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE. 90. WHERE YOU STAND DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU SIT. 91. ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG. 92. NEVER TRUST A MAN WHO DOESN'T DRINK. 93. WISH IF I COULD, BUT I CAN'T. 94. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY, BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE. 95. EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO EVERYBODY SOONER OR LATER. IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN TO YOU, YOU'RE DEAD. 96. YOU CAN'S DON'T AIN'T IN WRITING AND MAKE IT TO YOURSELF. 97. POWER TENDS NOT AMPLIFY YOUR FLAWS. 98. I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET. I AM HARD TO GET. 99. I'M NOT SHOUTING. I'M JUST TYPING IN CAPITAL LETTERS. 100. I'M NOT SHOUTING. I'M JUST TYPING IN CAPITAL LETTERS. 101. THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS SINCERITY. ONCE YOU CAN FAKE THAT YOU'VE GOT IT MADE. 102. BE REASONABLE. DEMAND THE IMPOSSIBLE. 103. I'M NOT AS EVIL LOOK. 104. IT'S HARD TO BE A SAINT IN THE CITY. 105. I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT. WHICH WAY DID YOU PUSH IT? 106. I DO IT ANY DAMN WAY I PLEASE. 107. EVERYONE WANTS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING. I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BEER. 108. I ENJOY EVERY MOMENT I DON'T SAY. 109. TELL LIES. 110. HOW CAN I LOVE YOU IF YOU WON'T LET ME? 111. I WANT TO GET AWAY. JUST HOW FAR TO GO WITHOUT EXCEEDING YOUR LIKE. 112. PUNISH ME WITH KISSES. 113. NO EXCUSES WILL BE ACCEPTED. 114. I'M THERE BY PROMISED LAND. 115. DON'T BE HUMBLE. YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT. 116. IT'S NOT MY JOB. 117. BUT ENOUGH ABOUT YOU. LET'S TALK ABOUT ME. 118. RAISE HELL. 119. TOO TIRED TO CARE. 120. SAVE THE HUMANS. 121. [illegible] MY BEST TO BE JUST WHO I AM, BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM. 122. ARE YOU MAKING THIS UP AS YOU GO ALONG? 123. OH, RATS. 124. THERE'S A FINE LINE BETWEEN GENIUS AND INSANITY. I HAVE ERASED IT. 125. YOU CAN FIND COMFORT IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES. 126. BETWEEN SPIT AND POLISH. 127. WHEN PRIDE SLUMBERS WHEN IN TROUBLE, DELEGATE. 128. I WOULD RATHER YOU DO IT WRONG THAN I DO IT RIGHT. 129. I'M NOT ANTI-SOCIAL, I'M JUST NOT PRO-YOU. 130. I'M NOT LAUGHING AT YOU, I'M LAUGHING WITH YOU. I'M JUST LAUGHING. 131. EVERYONE IS OK. WILL BE HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU FOR 131. TO ERR IS HUMAN. TO FORGIVE IS UNUSUAL. 132. THOSE NOT BUSY BEING BORN ARE BUSY DYING. 133. YOU MAY KNOW IT ALL, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. 134. WHAT THE FUCK, OVER? 135. WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU. 136. I'M NOT ANTI-SOCIAL, I'M JUST NOT PRO-YOU. 137. I'M NOT LAUGHING AT YOU, I'M LAUGHING WITH YOU. I'M JUST LAUGHING. 138. EVERYONE IS OK. WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE. 139. I'M NOT ANTI-SOCIAL, I'M JUST NOT PRO-YOU. 140. I'M NOT LAUGHING AT YOU, I'M LAUGHING WITH YOU. I'M JUST LAUGHING. 141. EVERYONE IS OK. WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE. 142. I'M NOT ANTI-SOCIAL, I'M JUST NOT PRO-YOU. 143. I'M NOT LAUGHING AT YOU, I'M LAUGHING WITH YOU. I'M JUST LAUGHING. 144. EVERYONE IS OK. WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE. 145. I'M NOT ANTI-SOCIAL, I'M JUST NOT PRO-YOU. 146. I'M NOT LAUGHING AT YOU, I'M LAUGHING WITH YOU. I'M JUST LAUGHING. 147. EVERYONE IS OK. WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE. 148. I'M NOT ANTI-SOCIAL, I'M JUST NOT PRO-YOU. 149. I'M NOT LAUGHING AT YOU, I'M LAUGHING WITH YOU. I'M JUST LAUGHING. 150. EVERYONE IS OK. WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE.

[illegible]

[illegible] 200 SHIRTS for $20 CASH + $3.00 S&H (CA RESIDENTS ADD $1.50 SALES TAX) [illegible] 125 styles to choose from! [illegible] 100% cotton! [illegible] 2 weeks delivery! [illegible] 1 MORE FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY! [illegible] Check out 21 jaw-droppers for 2 weeks' delivery! Or people and $5 extra for U.S.P.S. DVD. MONEYBACK GUARANTEE! [illegible] 2000 Center Berkeley, CA 94704

The Theory of Heavolution

As man evolves, so do his reading habits

In his newest form, man is a class-act mammal. (Note the two-hatted, four-legged, eyes-bulging creature before you.) At his present state of intelligence, ordinary magazines are just not good enough for him. That's where we come in.

Heavy Metal, the world's foremost adult illustrated fantasy magazine, hits the spot. With 1,200 pages a year, the quality of beauty and imagination of *Heavy Metal* is unsurpassed by other publications.

So, order today. Who knows? In another 100,000 years or so, *Heavy Metal* could be obsolete!

Heavy Metal, Dept. 282
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues), regular price $39.00.
Now only $29.00 (80¢ per issue).

Two years (24 issues), regular price $32.00.
Now only $22.00 (92¢ per issue).

One year (12 issues), regular price $19.00.
Now only $14.00 ($1.16 per issue).

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for
____ 3 years. ____ 2 years. ____ 1 year.

☐ Payment enclosed: $ _____

Charge to my

☐ MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

☐ Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable in the U.S. or Canada. Add $5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

Everyone loves a circus!
And in this issue we offer a three-ringer full of crazies, freaks, and talking doggies.
Plus:
Pete Hamill on Richard Corben's new book
FLIGHTS INTO FANTASY
and an essay on SEX
(and where it came from).